927.3
00020173

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 001.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 19 September, 2016

THE LIFE

OF

THORVALDSEN,

COLLATED FROM THE DANISH OF

J. M. THIELE,

BY

REV. M. R. BARNARD, B.A.,

AUTHOR OF "SPORT IN NORWAY, AND WHERE TO FIND IT;"
LATE CHAPLAIN TO THE BRITISH CONSULATE, CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

20173

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1865.

927.3
Th0/Tri/Lif
20173

Dedication.

TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

MADAM,

I should not have presumed to ask permission to dedicate to your Royal Highness the "Life of Thorvaldsen," had I not been fully alive to the intense respect, if not veneration, in which the memory of the great sculptor is held by the Danes.

I thought, too, it might not be displeasing to your Royal Highness that the English public should have submitted to them some account of the life and works of an artist, of

whom they have hitherto known but little. Begging to thank your Royal Highness for so graciously acceding to my request,

I have the honour to be, Madam,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obliged and humble servant,

MORDAUNT R. BARNARD.

Margaretting Vicarage, Dec. 1, 1864.

PREFACE.

In laying this little volume before the public I would beg to crave their kind indulgence.

It has been to me a task of no small difficulty, in collating from the voluminous work of Herr Thiele, while discarding matter which would prove tedious and uninteresting to the English reader, at the same time to retain the thread of the narrative in an unbroken form.

Whatever of interest may be found in the following pages will, therefore, I hope, be looked upon as some compensation for a baldness and abruptness of style which I have not entirely been able to avoid.

M. R. B.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Thorvaldsen's Parentage—Boyish Reminiscences—Education—First Work—Enters the Modelling School—Confirmation—Abildgaard—Examination for the Small Gold Medal—Literary Dramatic Society—Method of Working—Departure for Italy—Reaches Rome—Zoëga—Anna Maria—Letters from Home—Mr. Hope—Baron Schubart—Charles Stanley—Jealousy of Anna Maria . 1

CHAPTER II.

Gotskalk Thorvaldsen—First Bas-relief—Last Letter from his Father—"Adonis"—Oehlenschläger "Entry of Alexander into Babylon"—"Dance of the Muses"—"Duke of Bedford"—"Venus"—Æginetan Statues—Lord Byron—"The Shepherd Boy"—Miss Mackenzie—"Mercury"—Crown Prince of Bavaria—Engagement to Miss Mackenzie—Monument for Switzerland . . 70

CHAPTER III.

PAGE

Leaves for Copenhagen—Frue Kirke—Returns to Rome—Emperor of Russia—Figure of "Christ"—"John the Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness"—Relations with Canova—A Dangerous Accident—The "Kneeling Angel"—Monument of Pius VII.—"Ages of Love"—Intrigues of the Roman Clergy—Elected President of S. Lucca—Christmas Eve—Anselmo Ronghetti—Statue of Poniatowski—"Victory of Love over the Elements"—"Tobias"—"Jason" completed—"Christ and the Apostles"—Robbery of Jewels—Statue of Lord Byron—Makes his Will—Sir W. Scott—Thorvaldsen's Daughter—Horace Vernet—Returns to Copenhagen—His Reception 125

CHAPTER IV.

Thorvaldsen at Home—Retires to Nysö—"Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem"—"Progress from Pilate's House to Golgotha"—Site for a Museum—Manner of Passing the Day—Wilckens—Dining Out—Thorvaldsen and the Tailor—Simplicity of Character 197

CHAPTER V.

PAGE

Visits Dresden—Munich—Reaches Rome—Leaves for Copenhagen—The English at Mannheim—Thorvaldsen's Museum—Ill Health—"Genius of Sculpture"—His Death—Funeral Oration—Interment in the Museum 225

LIST

OF

THORVALDSEN'S WORKS,

IN

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

1789.

"A Sleeping Cupid." A bas-relief.
Four Lions at Fredericksberg.
Bas-relief over a Gate.
The Royal Arms. A bas-relief.
Neptune. A ship's figure-head.

1790.

Medallions of Crown Princess Maria Sophia Frederika.
Three Statues for a Triumphal Arch.
Bas-relief on the Custom House.
His own Portrait. A drawing.

1791.

Heliodorus. A bas-relief.
Priam and Achilles. A bas-relief.

1792.

Hercules and Omphale. A bas-relief.
Numa and Egeria. A bas-relief.

1793.

Peter and John Healing the Cripple. Bas-relief.

1794.

The Seasons. Bas-relief.
The Hours of the Day. Bas-relief.
Four Muses. Statues in Amalienborg.
A Bust.

1795.

Bust of Bernstorff.
Medallion of Bernstorff.
Bust of Tyge Rothe.
Medallion of Professor Saxtorph.
Medallion of Löffler.
Medallion of Hammer.
Bust of Willerup.
Portrait of Fru Fischer. A drawing.
Portrait of Schmidt. Ditto.
Portrait of Lieut. Growe. Ditto.
Bust of Struensee.

1798.

Group of Bacchus and Ariadne.

1799.

Bust of Homer. A copy.
Bust of Pollux. Ditto.
Statue of Pollux. Ditto.
Bust of Antinous. Ditto.
Bust of Apollo. Ditto.
Bust of Ariadne. Ditto.
Bust of Bacchus. Ditto.
Bust of Jupiter. Ditto.
Bust of Melpomene. Ditto.
Bust of Minerva. Ditto.
Bust of Venus. Ditto.
Bust of Roman Emperors. A copy.
Busts copied from the Antique.
Works in Marble—the first.
Busts.

1800.

Statue of the Goddess of Peace.
Bust of Raphael. A copy.
Bust of Cicero. Ditto.
Bust of Agrippa. Ditto.
Pallas. A sketch.
Melpomene. A sketch.
Drawings from Carsten's Works.

1801.

A Group. Unknown.
Group of Achilles and Penthesilea. A sketch.
Statue of Jason.
Bust of Kammerherre Bourke.
Bust of Professor Saxtorph.
Hygæa. A sketched Statue.
Monument to the Slain on April 2, 1801.

1803.

Bust of Princess Galitzien.
Bust of Count Woronzoff.
Bust of Count Adam Moltke.
Bas-relief of Achilles and Briseïs.

1804.

The Dance of the Muses. A bas-relief.
Busts of Baron and Baroness Schubart.
Statue of Diomede.
Drawing of Achilles and Chiron.
Drawing of Achilles and Agamemnon.
Drawing of Achilles with Hector's Body.
Group of Cupid and Psyche.

1805.

Statue of Bacchus.
Statue of Ganymede.
Statue of Apollo.

Statue of Venus.
Statue of Ariadne.
Bust of Count Rantzau Breitenburg.
Bust of Prof. Jacob Baden.
Bust of Bartholin Eichel.
Bust of Fru Caroline von Humboldt.
Four Statues for Christiansborg.
Group of Mars and Venus.
Monument to Dante.
Monument for North America.

1806.

Statue of Hebe.
Statue—Psyche with the Urn.
A Baptismal Vase.
Baptismal Font for Brahe-Trolleborg.
The Baptism of Jesus. A bas-relief.
Mary with Jesus and John. A bas-relief.
Jesus Blessing the Little Children. Bas-relief.
Glory of three Angels. A bas-relief.

1807.

Fronton for Christiansborg.
Four round Bas-reliefs for Christiansborg.
Jupiter and Nemesis. A bas-relief.
Minerva and Prometheus. Ditto.
Hercules and Hebe. Bas-relief.
Æsculapius and Hygæa. Bas-relief.

Solon and Lycurgus. Statues.
Cupid. A statue.
Bust of Architect Trane.

1808.

Statue of Mars.
Statue of Adonis.
"A genio lumen." A bas-relief.
Vesta. A statuette.
Phædra and Hippolytus. Bas-relief.

1809.

Hector, Paris, and Helen. Bas-relief.
Cupid on a Lion. Ditto.
The Birth of Aphrodite. Ditto.
Cupid stung by a Bee. Ditto.
Mercury, Bacchus, and Ino. Ditto.
Bust of Madame Höyer.
Bust of Zöega.

1810.

Summer. A bas-relief.
Autumn. Ditto.
Cupid and Psyche. Ditto.
Bacchus and Cupid. Ditto.
Charity. Ditto.
Restoration of an antique bas-relief.
Bas-relief from a drawing.
Bust of Ida Brun.
Bust of Camuccini.

Bust of Werner.
A colossal bust of himself.

1811.

The Triumphal Entry of Alexander into Babylon. A frieze.
Bust of Privy Councillor Hielmstierne.

1813.

Two Caryatides.
Bas-relief for Bethmann's Monument.
Virgil at the Court of Augustus. A bas-relief.
Bust of Benvenuti.

1814.

Statue of Humility.
Bas-relief for a Sepulchral Monument of Baroness Schubart.
Nessus and Deianeira. Bas-relief.
Vulcan's Workshop. Ditto.
Bas-relief for a Sepulchral Monument of Aug. Böhmer.
Bust of Aug. Böhmer.

1815.

Fanciulla. A statue.
Priam and Achilles. A bas-relief.
Night. Ditto.
Day. Ditto.
Countess Ostermann. Portrait statue.
Victory crowning a Fallen Warrior. Bas-relief.

1816.

Restoration of the Æginetan Statues.
Bas-relief for a Sepulchral Monument to Borckowski.
Bust of Jörgen Knudsen.
Bust of H. C. Knudsen.
Bust of A. Baillie.
Bust of Lady Sandwich.
Bust of Lord Exmouth.
Bust of Sir W. Bentinck.
Bust of W. Haldimand.
Bust of Eckersberg.

1817.

The Life of Jesus on Earth. A frieze.
The Women at the Sepulchre. Bas-relief.
Sepulchral Monument to Countess Pore. Bas-relief.
Ganymede with the Eagle.
The Shepherd Boy. A statue.
Hope. A statue.
Monument to Fru Caroline von Humboldt.
"The Danseuse." A statue.
Bust of Lord Byron.
Busts of the Prince and Princess Butera.
Sepulchral Monument of Col. Bonar. Bas-relief.
Bust of Colonel Bonar.
Bust of Prince Esterhazy.
Works restored for the Crown Prince of Bavaria.

1818.

Monument in Warsaw to Napoleon.
Monument to Baron Chandry. Bas-relief.
Monument to Lady Newburgh. Ditto.
Monument to Lord Maitland. Ditto.
Bust of Lord Maitland.
Bust of Agar Ellis.
Bust of Countess de Posse.
Bust of Veronica Zauli Guerini.
Monument to King Ferdinand.
Christ with the Disciples at Emaus. Bas-relief.
Statue of Mercury.
Bust of Crown Prince Louis.
Bust of Count Sommariva.
Bust of Count von Ingenheim.
Busts of the Duke and Prince of Augustenborg.
Portrait Statue of Countess Baryatinska.
Christ giving the Keys to Peter. Bas-relief.

1819.

A Lion. Monument for Lucerne.
Group of the Graces.
The Annunciation. Bas-relief.
Bust of the Duchess of Sagan.
Bust of Herr von Bunsen.
Religion. A statue.
Sketch of a Crucifix.

1820.

Bust of Frederick VI.
Bust of Queen Maria Sophia Frederika.
Bust of Crown Princess Caroline.
Bust of Princess Wilhelmina.
Bust of Prince Frederick Charles Christian.
The Baptism of Jesus. A bas-relief.
The Lord's Supper. A bas-relief.
Bust of a Child.
Three Angels with a Garland. Bas-relief.
Bust of Countess Danneskjold-Samsö.
Bust of Count Danneskjold-Samsö.
Monument to Statsraad Scavenius.
Monument to N. Abildgaard.
Bust of the Emperor Alexander.
Monument to Prince Schwarzenberg.
Nemesis. A statue.
Victory. Ditto.
Bas-relief for Schwarzenberg's Monument.
Bust of Prince Metternich.
Bust of Prof. Dahl.
Bust of Prince Christian Frederick.
Bust of Princess Caroline Amelia.
Bust of the Albanese Vittoria.
Monument to Emperor Alexander.
Monument to Count Kinsky.

1821.

Bust of Lord Gower (Ellesmere).
Busts of Lord Lucan's daughters.

Busts of Mad. Vernet.
Bust of Countess Nugent.
Bust of Princess Juliane.
Bust of Elise Thorvaldsen.
Monument to Count Potocki.
Bust of Count von Schwarzenberg.
Statue of St. Peter.
Statue of St. Paul.
Bas-relief for Appiani's Monument.
Bust of Appiani.
Fronton for Frue Kirke.
Statue of a Standing Warrior.
Statue of Christ.
Statue of St. Matthew.
Statue of St. James.
Statue of St. Thomas.

1822.

Monument to Prince Joseph Poniatowski.
Bas-relief for a Pedestal for Prince Joseph Poniatowski.
Monument to N. Copernicus.
Sepulchral Monument to Count Mokronowski.
Sepulchral Monument ordered by Mr. Cooper.
Bust of St. Apollinari.
Baptismal Font for Iceland.

1823.

Statue of St. Philip.
Statue of St. James, son of Alphæus.

Statue of Simon Zelotes.
Statue of St. Bartholomew.
Statue of St. Andrew.
Statue of St. John.
Statues of four Apostles.
Statues of the Evangelists.
Winter. A bas-relief.
Baptismal Font for Frue Kirke. Statue.
Statue of an Angel standing.
Two Sybils. Statue.
Bust of Cardinal Consalvi.

1824.

The Ages of Love. Bas-relief.
Monument to Governor Bianchi.
Bust of an Indian Prince, Gazi-eddin Heider.
Bust of Baron von Dörnberg.

1825.

Monument to Pius VII.
Bust of Pius VII.
Monument to Von Rothmann.
Christian Wisdom. Statue.
Christian Strength. Ditto.
A Crucifix for the Capuchins.
A Lion lying down.
Bas-relief for Consalvi's Monument.

1826.

Statue of Thaddæus.
Portrait—statue of Princess Caroline Amelia.
Bust of Mad. Reffuës.
Bust of Torlonia.
Bas-relief for a Monument to Vacca Berlinghieri.
Candelabra for Frue Kirke.
Monument to the Duke of Leuchtenberg.
Statue of the Muse of History.
Group of the Genii of Life and Death.
Bas-relief for Eugene's Monument.

1828.

Cupid and Lion. Bas-relief.
Cupid on a Dolphin. Ditto.
Cupid on an Eagle. Ditto.
Cupid with Cerberus. Ditto.
Statue of the Kneeling Angel.
Statue of Luther.
Statue of Melancthon.
Bas-relief for a Monument to an English lady.
Bust of Marchese Firenze.
Bust of George Barlow.
Bust of the Duke of Sutherland.

1829.

Bust of the Grand Duchess Hélène.
Statue of Achilles.
Monument to Drake Garrard.

Bust of Count Arthur Potocki.
Bas-relief of a Man with a Horse.
The Genius of Death. Bas-relief.
Monument to Count Neipperg.

1830.

Bust of Napoleon.
Victory writing on a Shield. Three bas-reliefs.
Erato and Cupid. Bas-relief.
The Genius of Song. Ditto.
Two Angels sitting. Statues.
Monument to Signora Ricci.

1831.

Portrait Medallion of Goethe the younger.
Monumental Statue of Lord Byron.
The Arms of Achilles. Bas-relief.
An old Satyr and a young Faunus.
A Mother letting her Child ride on a Ram. Bas-relief.
Jupiter dictates Laws to Cupid. Bas-relief.
Cupid sitting in a Boat. Ditto.
Cupid standing in a Boat. Ditto.
Cupid flying over the Shore. Ditto.
Cupid and a Faithful Dog. Ditto.
Cupid weaving a Net. Ditto.
Cupid collecting Shells. Ditto.
Cupid with a Rose for Jupiter and Juno. Bas-relief.
Cupid setting Fire to the Rock. Ditto.

Cupid and Hymen spinning. Bas-relief.
Cupid and Ganymede throwing at Dice. Ditto.
Cupid bound by the Graces. Ditto.
Hylas robbed by the Nymphs. Ditto.
A Shepherdess with a Nest. Ditto.
Cupid on a Lion. Ditto.
Bust of Mr. Wyllie.
Bust of Lord Taunton.
Bust of von Löwenstern.
Bust of Baron von Eichtal.
Bust of Walter Scott.

1832.

Monument to Electoral Prince Maximilian.
Bust of Maximilian.
Monument to Guttenberg.
Bas-relief for the Monument to Guttenberg.
Alexander setting Persepolis in Flames. Bas-relief.
Parnassus. A frieze.

1833.

A Bacchanalian with a little Faun. Bas-relief.
Hylas plundered by the Nymphs. (A repetition.) Bas-relief.
Ganymede and Hebe. Bas-relief.
Ganymede borne away by the Eagle. Ditto.
The Four Evangelists. Ditto.
The Fates. Ditto.
Three Angels playing. Ditto.

Three Angels singing. Bas-relief.
Three Angels with a Garland. Ditto.
Raphael. Ditto.
Bust of Mr. Mahon. Ditto.
Bust of Horace Vernet.
Four Statues for an Apartment in Christiansborg.
Two Statues for the Portal in the Inner Court,
Statue of Medea.
Paris with the Apple. Statue.
Group of Juno and Minerva.

1834.

Nemesis. Bas-relief.
Monument to Count Potocki.
Three Boys praying. Bas-relief.
A Huntress on Horseback. Ditto.
A Hunter on Horseback. Ditto.

1835.

Monument to Countess Poninska.
Passaggio d'un mondo ad altero. Bas-relief.
Fronton for the Palace Church. Ditto.
Fronton for the Court and Council Hall. Ditto.
Restoration of the Statue of Marcus Aurelius.

1836.

The Seasons. Bas-relief.
Faith, Hope, and Charity. Ditto.
Conradin. A statue.
Bas-relief for the same.

Monument to Frederick Schiller.
Bas-relief for Schiller's Monument.
"Genio con la lira." Bas-relief.
Fourteen Medallion-Bas-reliefs.
Apollo, The Muses, &c. &c.

1837.

Homer singing to the Greeks.	Bas-relief.
Achilles and Thetis.	Ditto.
Achilles and Briseis (second).	Ditto.
Hector, Paris, and Helen (second).	Ditto.
Hector's Leave-taking.	Ditto.
Achilles and Penthesilea.	Ditto.
Achilles and Patrocles.	Ditto.
Achilles and Chiron.	Ditto.
Alexander setting Persepolis in Flames (second).	Ditto.
Justice.	Ditto.
Government.	Ditto.

A Dancing Girl. Statue.
Cupid and Hygæa. Bas-relief.
Fourteen Bas-reliefs relating to Diana.
Sixteen Bas-reliefs relating to Cupid and Psyche.
Twenty Bas-reliefs. Genius with its Attributes.
Fronton—Bas-relief. Apollo among the Shepherds.

A Bacchanalian Woman with Bird.	Bas-relief.
Cupid with Thistles (sitting).	Ditto.
Cupid with Thistles (standing).	Ditto.

Monument to Goethe.
Bas-relief to Monument for Goethe.

1838.

Adam and Eve. Bas-relief.
Vulcan. Statue.
The Child's Guardian Angel. Bas-relief.

1839.

Bust of Holberg.
Bust of Oehlenschläger.
Portrait Statue of Himself.
Psyche with Cupid's Darts. Statue.
Sketch of a Kneeling Angel.
The Entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem. Frieze.
The Journey from Pilate's House to Golgotha. Frieze.

1840.

Sketch for a Monument to Frederick VI.
Monument for Christian IV.
Denmark praying for the King. Bas-relief.
Cupid and Hymen. Ditto.
Cupid and Pysche hovering. Ditto.
Diana with Jupiter. Ditto.
Hygæa and Cupid. Ditto.
Christ with the Disciples at Emaus. Ditto.
Medallion Portrait of H. Steffens.
Perseus and Andromeda. Bas-relief.
Jesus Blessing the Children. Ditto.
Thorvaldsen in Nysö. Ditto.
Bathing Scene on the Shore. Ditto.

Cupid on a Swan. Two bas-reliefs.
Rebecca and Eliezer. Bas-relief.
Bust of Countess Danneskjold-Samsö.
Bust of Admiral Hans Holsten.
Bust of Conr. Heinr. Donner.

1841.

The Genius of the Year. Bas-relief.
Jupiter and Leda. Ditto.
Jesus and the Woman of Samaria. Ditto.
Cupid abandoning Psyche. Ditto.
Psyche by the Couch of Cupid. Ditto.
Hans Madsen and Johan Rantzau. Ditto.
Jesus teaching in the Temple. Ditto.
A Satyr and Bacchanalian Woman. Two bas-reliefs.
The Genius of Light. Bas-relief.
Justice. Ditto.
Cupid and Psyche's Parting. Ditto.
The Seven Days of the Week. Drawing.
"Regna Firmat Pietas." Bas-relief.

1842.

The Shepherds worshipping Jesus in the Manger. Bas-relief.
The Flight into Egypt. Bas-relief.
The Massacre of the Infants in Bethlehem. Ditto.
Jesus teaching in the Temple. Ditto.
Jesus riding into Jerusalem. Ditto.

St. Andrew. Statue (second).
Thaddæus. Statue (second).
Group of the Graces (second).
An Angel with a Bassoon. Bas-relief.
A second Angel with Bassoon. Ditto.
An Angel with a Sword. Ditto.
Bust of Baroness Stampe.
Monument to King Louis of Bavaria.
Monument to Frederick VI. at Scanderborg.
Emancipation from Villanage by Frederick VI. Bas-relief.
Christmas Joy in Heaven. Bas-relief.

1843.

Alberto Paulsen, as Hunter. Statue.
Justice and Strength. Bas-relief.
The Protection of Science and Art. Ditto.
The Nursing of Justice. Ditto.
Cupid flying away. Ditto.
Thalia and Melpomene. Ditto.
The Genius of Painting. Ditto.
The Genius of Sculpture. Ditto.
The Genii of Poetry and Harmony. Ditto.
Hercules. Statue.
Æsculapius. Ditto.
The Genius of Architecture. Bas-relief.
Group of the Three Educating Arts—Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture. Bas-relief
Hymen with Two Torches. Ditto.

1844.

The Genius of Peace. Bas-relief.
The Genius of Poetry. Ditto.
The Genius of Sculpture. Ditto (second).
Sketch for a Genius of Sculpture (third).
Bust of Martin Luther.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THOUGH Introductions are usually looked on as superfluous by the general reader, yet it has been deemed necessary, in the present instance, to make a few preliminary remarks, which, it is thought, will not prove uninteresting.

It appears that on Thorvaldsen's death, in 1843, some little difficulty had arisen on the part of two German princes who laid claim to several of the sculptor's works, and which the arrival of Herr Thiele, who had been expressly sent out by Christian VIII., happily set at rest.

The house which Thorvaldsen had inhabited in the Palazzo Tomati, even when adorned by his collections and works of art, had evinced but few signs of real comfort; so

that when these were removed, and nothing was left but some old pieces of furniture, which seemed as if they could scarcely endure removal, it appeared desolate in the extreme. Among scattered heaps of straw, shavings, &c., and other implements used in packing, stood the old cabinet, two or three broken-down chairs, and a table. They appeared as if conscious of their condition, and as if they entertained serious doubts of meeting with a purchaser at the ensuing auction, even though they had once belonged to the great master.

"Such was the state the apartments were in," writes Herr Thiele, "when I saw them again. I went round them in a sorrowful and dejected mood, stooping every now and then to examine the heaps of rubbish which lay scattered on the floor, and picking up any fragments of letters or visiting cards on which traces of drawings were visible. The larger my collection became, the more convinced did I feel that there were many things which would prove of interest.

"One quaint-looking, old-fashioned, brass-bound box especially engaged my attention, and involuntarily led my thoughts to Thorvaldsen's ancestors in Iceland. I opened it, and found two letters carefully wrapped up inside. They were letters from home; from his father and mother!

"The matter was now becoming serious—there might still be others relating to his earlier days, though I scarcely ventured to entertain the hope. At all events I determined to continue my researches.

"I knew that it had been a peculiarity in Thorvaldsen's character never to destroy his letters, but to allow them to accumulate in heaps, till they had become so numerous as to necessitate removal. What, then, could have become of all his voluminous correspondence, if it had never been destroyed? All at once the scales fell from my eyes! There was a staircase leading from his rooms down into a cellar, which of late years had been used as a receptacle for old plaster models, &c. . . . I

determined, therefore, to search it thoroughly. The first thing I stumbled on, on entering, was a heap of clay, the dry lumps of which bore evident traces of the sculptor's hand. Farther on I caught a glimpse of two large casks, and some wooden boxes. Instantly the conviction flashed across my mind, that I had discovered the outlet for all the paper superfluities which had been accruing through a course of years.

"Here, then, was a wide field for research and investigation! My eagerness to take possession of the buried treasure, however, met with no little opposition from the powers of darkness which, in the shape of broken glass, brickbats, &c., protested strongly against my invasion of their territory.

"Whether the better to press down the refractory masses of paper into their resting places, or the more effectually to keep them from the inspection of the curious (in which class I did not naturally rank myself), it seems as if it had been the old man's custom

to deposit in these tubs alternate layers of papers, glass, and stones. If so, he had fully succeeded, for it was a task of no little difficulty to exhume the already damp and mouldy treasures, so as to avoid injuring them. It occupied us several days.

" Amongst the quantities of entire letters, there was also an incredible number of fragments of letters, which, after the rummaging the whole had received, promised evidently to be a task requiring immense patience in order to match them with their corresponding parts. Every little piece was, however, duly noticed, and the whole tied up in bundles ready to be forwarded to Copenhagen.

" On their arrival in that city, a most interesting, but, at the same time, most arduous labour began.

" It would be tedious were I to relate how I ultimately succeeded in bringing order out of this chaos, how each individual fragment eventually found its fellow, and how the greatest toil frequently yielded the smallest

fruits, and *vice versâ*. All this preliminary labour may be regarded as a scaffolding to a house, which no one thinks worthy of a thought when once the building is finished.

"The result of my discovery was, that not only an important part of the great sculptor's correspondence was thus given to the world, instead of having been consigned to the flames, but that many of the papers had been used a second time by the artist himself, both as writing and as drawing paper. It appears that it had been his custom to keep his letters, invitations to balls, dinners, notices of meetings, visiting cards, &c., on his tables, and, whenever any sudden inspiration seized him, to lay hold on the one nearest at hand, and make it an exercising ground for his ideas.

"If, for instance, it were a letter to be written, he would proceed more cautiously. First, a couple of rough drafts had to be written out, and these were generally made in pencil on the back of the letter to be answered.

"This discovery naturally enhanced the value of every scrap of paper; and thus upon many a notice from the Academy of S. Lucca, or perfumed invitation, either a valuable drawing, or a letter in his own handwriting, was brought to light. If any such piece of paper had the day of the month on it, or if the envelope was stamped, I was thus enabled, at least approximately, to assign a date to many of his projected works of art. And this was the more interesting because many of these bold and masterly sketches were, in fact, the embryos of some of his celebrated achievements."

LIFE OF THORVALDSEN.

CHAPTER I.

Thorvaldsen's Parentage—Boyish Reminiscences—Education—First Work—Enters the Modelling School—Confirmation—Abildgaard—Examination for the Small Gold Medal—Literary Dramatic Society—Method of Working—Departure for Italy—Reaches Rome—Zoëga—Anna Maria—Letters from Home—Mr. Hope—Baron Schubart—Charles Stanley—Jealousy of Anna Maria.

THE family of Thorvaldsen had been known and respected for nine generations in Iceland. Gotskalk Thorvaldsen, the father of the celebrated sculptor, was the youngest son of an Icelandic clergyman, who was left a widower at an early age with three children. As the lad evinced some talent for carving in wood, his father sent him to Copenhagen, when

seventeen years of age, to earn his livelihood. Here he succeeded in obtaining employment in the shipyards. After he had been about ten years in the Danish capital, he married a Jutland maiden of peasant extraction. Their union was blessed with a son on November 19, 1770, the subject of the present volume.

Unfortunately the register of the infant's baptism has not been found, so that grave doubts have been entertained as to whether he was ever christened. But at the same time, the fact of his having been confirmed—a rite on which great stress is laid in the Scandinavian countries—ought to be considered as a conclusive testimony that he had been duly admitted into the Christian Church.

For other reasons, too, the absence of his baptismal register is to be lamented, as his correct name would thereby have been ascertained. For on this point also, conflicting opinions have been held, strengthened by the fact of a piece of paper having been found

after his death, on which was written, in his own hand, "Carlo Alberto Thorvaldsen, 1804." He was, however, generally known under the name of Bertel.

Those who knew his mother describe her as being a pretty stout little woman, and as having attracted general attention when she brought her husband's coffee to the shipyard. Others speak of her as having been a small and strongly built woman, and as one who evinced no regard for her personal appearance, and who spoke the broad dialect of Jutland.

During the American war a great many ships were built in Denmark, and were, as was then customary, abundantly decorated with wood carvings. It was in this way that Bertel's father earned his livelihood. He was by nō means a clever carver; and unless his first attempt succeeded, all his subsequent endeavours to remedy the defect only made matters worse. On one occasion he had to carve a lion for the figure-head of a vessel;

but, it is related he could never succeed in making it represent anything but a poodle. It was not, however, owing to incapability only that he did not shine in his profession. He had graver faults still. He was naturally of an indolent disposition, and was not to be depended on, and, worse than all, would spend all his earnings in drink whenever an opportunity occurred.

As may therefore be supposed, there was but little comfort to be found at home, as the following incident will show. It happened one day that a man came to the house to inquire for Gotskalk. After knocking for a long time at the door, a weak voice bade him enter. On raising the latch he perceived, lying on a bed composed of the remains of a feather bed and some old blankets, an attenuated female form, who informed him that her husband was not at home.

Such was the home in which Bertel's youthful days were spent; and it will not, therefore, be a matter of surprise that he

rarely, if ever, alluded to them in after years.

He, doubtless, felt that he could not speak of them without reflecting discredit, at least, on his father's name.

There were, however, one or two of his boyish reminiscences which he was very fond of relating; and as these had no reference to home discomforts, he could speak of them without reserve.

His mother's spinning-wheel was his favourite toy. "One night," he related to a friend many years afterwards, when he had returned from Rome laden with honours, and had earned himself a glorious name, "I remember it well, I lay awake in my bed, for I could not sleep. The moon was shining brightly in at the window, and in the corner of the room I espied my mother's spinning-wheel. The temptation was irresistible: so I crawled out of bed as quietly as I could and began playing with it. But the noise of the humming wheel awoke my mother, who then

remembered that she had omitted to take out the weft before going to bed; and, according to an old superstition, if that were the case, the fairies came and spun during the night. In her fright she awoke my father, who soon discovered it was 'little Bertel,' and no fairy, engaged at the spinning-wheel; so, with a good smack for disturbing his night's rest, I was bundled off to bed again."

Thorvaldsen had a deep scar under his chin, which always reminded him of one of his boyish pranks. One day, in company with another lad, he had clambered up on a neighbour's fence in order to pilfer some apples. As he was not tall enough to reach to the top, he got on his companion's shoulders, and in this position was hanging with his arms over the brittle fence. But just as he was in the act of getting over, some one was heard approaching; whereon his companion ran away as hard as he could, and Thorvaldsen fell heavily to the ground, cutting his chin very severely against a stone.

The only other boyish prank he has been known to speak of was attended with more unpleasant circumstances.

It seems that Kongens Nytorv was the favourite playing ground for the town lads. Near the equestrian statue a sentry box was placed, which was only occupied during the night. This proved an immense source of attraction to the boys!

The game consisted in one of their number getting inside, while the others spun it round as fast as possible. And though the guard were constantly on the alert, and were kept pretty well employed the most of the day in chasing the boys away,—which, of course, enhanced the fun to no small degree,—somehow or other they always managed to escape, shouting and howling as they ran off, and returning, the moment the soldiers were out of sight, to the forbidden spot. One day it happened to be Bertel's turn to be swung round; but when the soldiers approached as usual, the other boys scampered off, leaving

poor little Bertel still spinning round, and unable to get out. He was immediately pounced on by the guard and led off in triumph, a prisoner, to the guardhouse.

Thorvaldsen never forgot this incident, and seldom omitted to allude to it when passing over Nytorv.

Of the education Thorvaldsen received in his earlier years literally nothing is known. From the similarity his handwriting bears to that of his father, it is probable that he was instructed in this branch of his education at home. He was never known to allude to the fact of his having attended any school; and, from the circumstances of the family, it may be inferred that the little knowledge he possessed was derived from home sources.

That he was deplorably ignorant of all those subjects which an artist ought to possess, is fully borne out by the remarks of his friend Zoëga. In a letter to a friend at Copenhagen, written shortly after his arrival in Rome, the learned Dane says, "Though he

is an artist of great promise, and possesses both good taste and feeling, he is deplorably ignorant of everything which does not immediately concern his profession. In my opinion, it is positively wrong in the Academy to send out uneducated persons to Italy, where they must necessarily lose a great deal of time in learning things, the knowledge of which ought to have been acquired before they left home. How is it possible for an artist to get on here, when he is totally ignorant of French or Italian? Without possessing a sound classical education, or having, at least, some knowledge of modern languages, he is lost here, and knows not where to begin."

But it was not only as a classical scholar and as a linguist that Thorvaldsen laboured under difficulties. He did not even know his own language properly. And it must serve not a little to raise one's esteem for a man who, at the age of thirty-five, could resolutely set to work and study the

Danish grammar, while, at the very same time, he was just beginning to acquire an European celebrity. After much perseverance, he had learnt to write a tolerable hand; but in his intercourse with highly educated and refined persons of both sexes, he cannot but have felt his inferiority. Still it was not too late: something might yet be done to repair the omission. And that he worked with energy and determination at his task, the quantities of sheets that were found among his papers, covered with the elementary rules of the grammar—*e. g.* "the use of the article," "the formation of the genitive case," with examples of each, and sentences taken out of a Danish novel bearing on the rules—fully prove.

When about eleven years old, it is said that some friend of the family, perceiving that the lad possessed extraordinary talents, and that his father was utterly incapable of teaching him, procured him admission to the Arts Academy School. As there was nothing to

pay, his father readily assented to the arrangement. It was therefore in 1781 that he was admitted to the first "Sketching Class," and so well does he seem to have employed his time, that in the following year he was promoted to the second class, which was considered a very unusual thing for a boy only twelve years old. But the talents of which he thus gave such early proofs, induced his father to employ him at home, in carving, or at Larsen's Plads, where he generally worked.

Larsen has mentioned that he perfectly remembers seeing Bertel assisting his father at his work, and that he would bring his drawings with him from the school to show him, for which he would occasionally make him a small present, when they were well done.

Thorvaldsen also remembered the circumstance in after years, for, on visiting the old familiar spot in 1838, with Freund, his companion asked him if he remembered Larsen: "Yes: that I do," he replied, "and many a good mark he has given me."

Owing partly to his father's employing him at home, and partly to the sound elementary instruction Löffler was giving him at the Academy, Bertel did not, in the next few years, make any very rapid progress.

One of his earliest acquaintances was Matthias Saxtorph. They attended the same school together. Matthias was a boy of a weakly constitution, and used to look up to Bertel, who was bigger and stronger, with great respect. Indeed, Bertel seems to have taken him under his special protection, and to have prevented the other boys from bullying him. In return for this kindness, Bertel used to be constantly invited to his father's house, where he became a great favourite of the family.

These visits must have proved not only very agreeable, but of great service to a lad situated as he was. And that he appreciated the kindness, there can be no doubt; for the first work that he ever executed was a medallion portrait of his friend's father, Professor

Saxtorph, a few copies of which are still extant.

In 1786 he was removed to the Modelling School; and here, for the first time, began to copy from nature, and to work in that substance in which his most famous pieces were subsequently executed.

Wiederwelt was at this time Director of the Academy; but his instruction does not seem to have left any impress on his pupil's developing genius. There was, however, another professor there, who, attracted by the rare talents he displayed, took great pains with him; and not only that, but also rendered him timely aid and assistance in several of the depressing circumstances of his early days. This man was Nicholas Abildgaard, the artist.

Thorvaldsen won his first academical honours, the small silver medal, in January, 1787.

He was now sixteen, and the time for his Confirmation was at hand. His father there-

fore had his name put down in the provost's (archdeacon) books of Holmen's Church, in order that he might be duly prepared for the necessary rite. But it soon became patent that, in point of religious instruction, he was far behind others of his own age, and he was accordingly placed far down among the "other poor boys."

The provost had a brother who was secretary at the Academy, and having heard one day from his relative, that a lad named Thorvaldsen had just gained the small silver medal, he asked him, the next time he came with the other candidates, "whether it was a brother of his who had gained the prize?" "It was I!" answered Bertel, quickly; and from this day forth, he was treated with marked respect by the provost, who placed him before all the others, and gave him the title of "Monsieur Thorvaldsen."

Among all his subsequent titles Thorvaldsen never forgot this one!

From the following copy of his certificate,

it appears that he was confirmed, April 15, 1787:—

"Monsieur Bertel Thorvaldsen was publicly confirmed in his baptismal covenant, April 15, 1787, the first Sunday after Easter, in Holmen's Church.

"CHRIST. FRED. HÖYER,
(L.S.)

"Copenhagen, 16th April, 1787.
"23rd May, 1787."

Now this certificate speaks volumes as to the domestic circumstances of the family. It will be observed that the provost has inserted two distinct dates: the first, the day after the Confirmation, when the candidates customarily repaired to his house with the usual fee; and it may therefore be inferred, that Bertel had some difficulty in finding the required sum, and that it was not till a month afterwards that he was able to fetch his certificate home.

For about a space of two years after this event, Thorvaldsen does not appear to have

frequented the Academy; for his name is not once mentioned in the books. Probably his father was of opinion that, now that he was confirmed, he ought to give up going to school, and to remain at home to help him in his work. Or it might have been owing to the absence of his patron Abildgaard, who was at that time in Italy; and that, being no longer under the immediate eye of so severe a master, he felt rather inclined to be idle. Be the cause what it may, he entirely absented himself from the school. Fortunately, however, Abildgaard's sojourn abroad was not of long duration, for he returned in the summer of 1788; and we again find Thorvaldsen competing at the examination and receiving the large silver medal, May 30, 1789, for a bas-relief, "A sleeping Cupid," a work which is preserved in the Academy, and which betrays evident signs of Abildgaard's instruction.

Abildgaard's absence in Italy seems in other respects to have exercised great influ-

ence upon his pupil. He had been authorized to procure some good casts of the antique statues for the scantily supplied collections at home, and he unquestionably bore his pupil in mind, in executing this commission. Thorvaldsen was thus enabled to become acquainted with the "Apollo" from the Vatican, "The dying Gladiator," "The Discus Thrower," and the renowned "Torso."

In 1790, Thorvaldsen appeared for the first time before the public as a statuary. At the request of his friend and schoolfellow, Nicolas Wolff, who had been entrusted with the decoration of a triumphal arch on the occasion of the entry of the Crown Princess, Maria Sophia Frederica, into Copenhagen, he modelled three statues, representing the tutelary deities of Denmark and Norway. But though they received honourable notice in the journals of the day, the name of the sculptor was not mentioned.

Determined, however, upon turning the occasion to a good account, he conceived the

idea of executing a portrait medallion of her Royal Highness; for which purpose he regularly frequented the theatre whenever the Princess went there. But he was at a loss how to turn his work to advantage! Accordingly he deputed a worker in plaster, named Regoli, to sell the medallions for him. But this person, finding that the speculation was likely to prove a lucrative one, purchased the sole right from the young artist for a trifling sum, who was, however, delighted with his bargain.

During these years, Thorvaldsen continued to reside at home; and though the circumstances of the family had to a certain extent improved, yet his parents were not in a sufficiently flourishing state to enable him to receive visitors at their house.

One day, however, he was surprised by a visit from a young lady, one of his pupils in drawing, who came to consult him on some matter. And it will serve to give a good idea of the state of domestic comfort that

prevailed at home, when it is mentioned that "she had to step over unmade beds *on the floor*, and scattered bedclothes, in order to reach Thorvaldsen's room."

As may therefore be imagined, the young man had to seek his amusements out of doors.

On certain nights he used to resort to one or other of the rooms of a few brother artists, who had formed a society. At these meetings subjects either from the Old or New Testament were selected. Each would then criticize the others' work; after this followed a frugal meal, during which pieces of poetry were recited by each in turn.

The quickness and ease with which Thorvaldsen used to work at these meetings did not escape the notice of his companions. "It frequently happened," one of them said years afterwards, "that whilst we were discussing how the subject in hand should be treated, he had already completed his task. He was seldom to be seen without a lump of clay, or else

a piece of dough in his hand, at which he would be working away while we were conversing."

But there was one theme which occupied a prominent place in their spirited conversations, viz., the subsequently famous artist, Carstens, and his relations with the Academy. This genial painter had not succeeded in obtaining favour with the old academicians, and had left Copenhagen in disgust. The long talked of and much dreaded examination for the small gold medal was approaching, and as Carstens had gone away without being able to win it, what could his admirers expect?

Thorvaldsen had repeatedly expressed his disinclination to submit to the ordeal, and had but seldom frequented the Academy during the preceding winter.

It, therefore, became a standing remark, on the breaking up of these meetings—"Thorvaldsen, remember the examination!" So often had the words been repeated, and so

deeply were the circumstances connected with them impressed on his mind, that after a lapse of twenty years, when Frisch, one of the members of the society met him, and greeted him with the familiar words, "Thorvaldsen, remember the examination!" he readily recalled their origin.

The reiterated entreaties of his friends, however, ultimately had the effect of inducing him, though reluctantly, to become a candidate for the examination.

The subject given was, "The Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple" (2 Macc. iii. 25, 26). This, it may be remarked, was merely a preliminary trial of the candidates' powers; and it depended entirely upon the way in which the subject should be handled, whether they should be admitted to compete further for the gold medal.

It was just this preliminary trial that was Thorvaldsen's especial cause of anxiety. It is related of him that he took a supply of spirits with him into the room where he was

to sit, in order to give himself confidence. But, whether this were the case or not, it is quite certain that he soon relinquished his task in despair, and determined upon withdrawing from the trial.

Already had he descended the staircase, and was coming out into the courtyard, when he met Professor Preisler. Fortunately for Thorvaldsen, the professor was well disposed towards him. On inquiring into the cause of his appearance there, Thorvaldsen poured out all his fears and anxieties to his friend, who mildly rebuked him, and pointed out the folly and impropriety of his conduct. Neither was the counsel without effect. What brandy had failed to do, the kind fatherly advice of Preisler succeeded in accomplishing.

Reassured, he returned to his place; and so diligently did he apply himself to his task, that in less than four hours he had produced a sketch which met the entire approval of the examiners; and in the course of the two following months executed a bas-relief,

for which the small gold medal was awarded him on August 15, 1791.

His reputation thus became widely extended, and procured for him many powerful friends and patrons, amongst whom the name of Count Ditlew, of Reventlow, stands prominently forward.

Now for the first time, owing to his improved circumstances, he was enabled to have a room to himself at home. Here he passed the greater portion of his time in modelling in clay, or during his hours of relaxation in indulging in music, or in smoking tobacco.

Of music he was passionately fond, and, indeed, devoted his first spare dollars to the purchase of a flute and violin.

He was greatly addicted to smoking; and to such an extent did he carry this practice that he would even take his pipe in with him to the dinner table, and smoke between courses.

Animals, especially dogs, were great favourites with him. Indeed, at almost all periods

of his life he had a faithful four-footed companion with him, which occasionally won a share in his immortality. "Mons. Primong," such was the name of his present companion, amongst other good qualities, knew a creditor when he saw him, and would bite his legs, on which account whelps by this sagacious poodle were in great demand among the "fast" young men of Copenhagen.

On August 14, 1793, the great gold medal was awarded him for a bas-relief, the subject of which was "Peter healing the Lame Man," Acts iii. According to the ordinary custom, he should now enjoy the benefit of a travelling stipend for three years, in order to perfect himself in his profession on the Continent. At present, however, he did not evince any desire to leave home; for he was now not only able to earn a competence by painting portraits, which were much sought after, and which procured him admission into several of the leading families of the metropolis, but he also devoted a good portion of his time to making mirror

frames,* and in executing vignettes for booksellers. His academical honours also procured him the acquaintance of the literary notabilities of the day, who admitted him into the "Literary Dramatic Society." By the laws of this society, every member in turn was obliged to take some part in a play. When it came to Thorvaldsen's turn to act, the part of Alcalde, in "The Barber of Seville," was assigned to him. But on the evening appointed for the representation, when it came to his turn to speak, he signally broke down. Not one word could he get out; he had either totally forgotten his part, or had never learnt it. A disagreeable pause ensued, and neither the prompting of the *souffleur* nor of his friends could recall a single word to his lips.

It was owing to this circumstance that the report got about that he could "neither read nor write." That he was lamentably defi-

* As late as 1851, there was a family in Copenhagen which perfectly remembered Gotskalk and his son Bertel coming to the house to sell mirror frames.

cient in literary attainments has already been alluded to; but that he could read and write, the following pages will satisfactorily prove.

Besides devoting a good portion of his time to portrait painting, his friend Abildgaard procured him employment in modelling several bas-reliefs and statues for the new palace. His method of working was peculiar, and seems to have attracted the notice of the "savans." Instead of first modelling them, as was usual, in clay, and afterwards taking a plaster cast, he would gradually build them up from the base with stones and stucco—a composition considered the more difficult to work in, on account of its drying so speedily.

Abildgaard was extremely proud of his pupil, and on one occasion took his friend, Professor Sergell, a Swedish sculptor, to see Thorvaldsen at work. They found him working away, scraper in hand; and, after having watched him for some considerable time, Sergell at length exclaimed, "How does the gentleman manage to execute such beautiful

figures?" "With this," answered Thorvaldsen, curtly, holding up his scraper.

About this time Thorvaldsen gained the patronage and friendship of Count Bernstorff, Minister of State, who honoured him with an order for his bust.

On one occasion Abildgaard paid a visit to his pupil's studio to see how he was progressing with his work, and suggested some trifling alteration whereby a better likeness would be produced. But when he took the tool out of his hand to give the necessary touch, Thorvaldsen became quite irritated; he could not endure that any other hand than his own should meddle with it; but, adds the narrator, "he was as little able to conceal his joy when he perceived that the delicate touches of his master's hand had produced the desired effect."

His departure for Italy, which now again began to be the constant topic of conversation, cast a dark cloud over his home. For a long time Thorvaldsen rejected the counsel of his friends to petition the Academy for the travel-

ling stipend to which he was entitled as having gained the gold medal. With his son by his side Gotskalk was able to eke out a comfortable living; whereas, if he were to leave him, there would be no one to make the drafts of his figure-heads for him.

But if his father could not tolerate the idea of his departure, to his mother it was still less endurable. She knew full well that without Bertel to keep her husband in order, he would again become a slave to the bottle, and spend all his earnings out of doors.

The persuasion of his friends, however, at length prevailed, and he sent in a petition to the Academy, which was promptly granted the very same day it was made.

The amount of this travelling stipend was only 400 rix-dollars per annum, and it was granted for three years; and it may be mentioned as an amiable and generous trait in Thorvaldsen's character, that he offered to give his friend Frisch the half of this sum if he would accompany him, an offer which, how-

ever, was very properly declined. Strange, then, that he should have been considered by some to be of a covetous and miserly disposition!

It had been the wish of his friends that he should proceed to Vienna by Dresden, and remain there some little time before proceeding to Rome, in order to acquire some knowledge of the Italian language. The disturbed state, however, which the Continent was in, prevented this scheme from being carried out.

But early in the following spring (1796) an excellent opportunity presented itself. The "Thetis," a frigate of the Royal Navy, was ordered to the Mediterranean, and his friend Count Bernstorff readily procured leave from the Admiralty for him to accompany it.

The captain, whose name was Fisher, appears to have shown great attention to the young artist, and to have frequently invited him to his house in order to make his acquaintance before sailing.

In return for this kindness Thorvaldsen

drew a portrait of the lady of the house, and presented it to her husband; and it may serve to give some insight into the domestic economy of Danish households at this time, when it is stated that he took her likeness in the kitchen whilst she was busily employed in making preserves. Neither did this attention go unrequited, for Madame Fisher, finding that his stock of linen was very scanty, had a good supply of shirts, stockings, &c., made for him.

On August 30, 1796, Thorvaldsen bade adieu to his native land. It would be tedious to follow him on his voyage to the "sunny south;" doubtless it proved as uninteresting as sea voyages usually are, though the monotony in this case was diversified with the occasional interchange of shots with an English or Portuguese frigate. Instead, however, of trying to acquire some knowledge of the Italian language while on board, Thorvaldsen passed the whole of his time in extreme idleness, devoting all his thoughts to eating

and drinking, smoking and sleeping. Thus in a letter from Captain Fisher to his wife, from Malta, Dec. 29, 1796, the writer says:—

"Thorvaldsen is still here; but at length begins to talk about going to Rome. Heaven only knows how he will get on there!' He is so desperately idle that he has never even cared about writing a letter to his friends all the time he has been on board, nor evinced any desire to learn the language. He seems only to think about what there is to be for dinner, and to look after cakes. But everybody on board loves him; he is such a good-natured fellow."

And again, when writing to his wife, March 1, 1797, long after he had lost sight of his young friend, he says:—

"Thorvaldsen is now in Rome! God be with him! He is a good fellow, but an idle dog."

After a lonely and harassing journey to Palermo, and thence to Naples, at which latter place he remained six weeks, he arrived in Rome the 8th March, 1797—a day ever after-

wards looked upon by him as his second birthday, as being that on which he first saw the light in Rome.

Of all the numerous letters of recommendation he had brought with him from Copenhagen, he only presented one, viz., that to Zoëga. The opinion which the erudite archæologist entertained of his young countryman has already been alluded to. But though Zoëga doubtless gave him sound and impartial advice, he received him with great kindness and hospitality; and thus began a friendship which had a great and beneficial influence on the future career of the Danish sculptor. Acting on his advice, Thorvaldsen employed the first few months of his sojourn in Rome in inspecting the different public and private collections. It was, however, an unfavourable time for artists. The principal works of art had either already been sent away, or were packed up for exportation to France; so that at the Capitol he was able to catch no more than a glimpse of the "Apollo," "Laocoon,"

and the celebrated "Torso," which were immured in their packing-cases, for resurrection in the French metropolis.

Other reasons, too, hindered him from setting to work at once. He was naturally given to low spirits—a state of mind probably induced from his early childhood. One day he is reported to have said to a friend, "I cannot understand how a grown-up person can laugh." And it seems that the fact of his not having received any tidings from home since his departure, weighed heavily on his spirits. But towards the end of this year he at length received the long looked for epistle. It was from his father, and ran as follows :—

"Dear Son,

"I have received your letters, and am unspeakably glad to hear that you are well. I and your mother, thank God! are as well as can be expected. She constantly reproaches me for having persuaded you to travel, and I have to put up with a great deal from her.

"We are living in Amaliegade, and often see the kind Madame Fisher, who is very attentive, and tells us all the news she hears about you.

* * * * *

"It is your mother's daily prayer that you will soon return home, and mine too.

"God guard and protect you! Your mother sends you her love, with overflowing eyes.

"I am, your attached father till death,

"G. THORVALDSEN.

"Copenh. Nov. 1, 1796."

"P.S.—If the paper is a little crumpled you must excuse it, Mons. *Primong* has carried it home. God bless you!"

Meanwhile, Thorvaldsen had hired a studio situate in Strada Babuina, near the Teatro d'Aliberti, which had been previously fitted up and occupied by the renowned English sculptor, Flaxman. It was his intention to complete the busts of Bernstorff and Rothe, models of which he had brought with him, but an attack of fever, which ever afterwards

proved a constant visitor during his stay in Rome, hindered him from carrying out his wishes.

When he became somewhat convalescent, his friend Zoëga, who had a country house at Genzano, very considerately invited him to spend the summer with him. It was here that he made an acquaintance which was destined to exert no little influence on his future career.

The Signora Zoëga had a *cameriera* named Anna Maria Magnani. This young lady, it seems, was in possession of a pair of black eyes of such a lustrous hue as quite to melt the heart of the youthful northern stranger; and it is not without reason that the origin of this unfortunate connection is assigned to those pleasant summer evenings at Genzano; for, on the back of an original "biglietto d'amore," written in Italian, was found the rough copy of a letter to a friend in Copenhagen, announcing his safe arrival in Italy.

Whether Thorvaldsen was engaged before

leaving home is uncertain; but that an intimacy (and of a tender nature) had existed between him and a Danish maiden, the following extract of a letter from his father satisfactorily proves :—

"Margarethe has given me a note to send to you; but as it was written on thick paper, I have copied it word for word :—

"'Dear Thorvaldsen,

"'Do not be angry at my taking the liberty of telling you how pleased I was to receive your kind message. I am so glad you have arrived safely. That you may enjoy every possible happiness is my sincere wish. Your breast-pin shines here; it is ever dear to me. . . . . Let me have the pleasure of receiving a few lines from you at your early convenience. . . . .

"'Your servant,

"'MARGARETHE.'

"*Primong* sends his love; he is as fat as an Amager. He fetches me my bootjack at

night, and when your mother speaks in rather a loud key, jumps up and says, 'Bow-wow!' He smelt for half an hour at the last letter I got from you. Your mother has been rather grumpy this winter. I have given her two dollars a week since you left; but she is never satisfied.

* * * * *

"For God's sake be careful at the 'Shrine of Venus,' and do not go where you may dread rivals. I have been told they are dangerous."

It has already been mentioned that the principal works of art in Rome were being, or had been, removed to Paris. Pius VI. had in vain sought to oppose the victorious arms of Buonaparte; and the peace of Tolentino, ratified February 19, 1797, had, in addition to the loss of several Roman provinces, brought with it a train of humiliating consequences, of which Thorvaldsen was a witness soon after his arrival in Rome.

The proud Romans, not daring to show their hatred to their oppressors openly, vented

their displeasure against their own government, whose weakness and incapability became a butt for their sneers and reproaches. By December these smothered symptoms of disquiet broke out into open rebellion, hastened, no doubt, by the injudicious conduct of Joseph Buonaparte, who was then French ambassador in Rome.

On the 28th an *émeute* took place, in which the French embassy was attacked by the infuriated mob, and General Duphot shot. Joseph Buonaparte was himself obliged to leave the city in haste, though only for the purpose of sending an avenging army against it.

Under these circumstances Thorvaldsen deemed it expedient to seek some protection for his person; and as Denmark had at that time no representative at the Pontifical Court, he procured a certificate from the Swedish minister, together with a passport, so that, if necessary, he might be able to leave the country at the shortest notice.

Two days, however, after taking these pre-

cautionary measures, General Berthier encamped close to the walls of the city, which he entered on February 18, and proclaimed the "Roman Republic" from the Capitol the same day.

Everybody was in the utmost consternation. The cardinals sought safety by flight. On the 20th the infirm Pope, Pius VI., was dragged from the Chair of St. Peter, and sent to Valence, where he shortly after expired.

During this state of affairs Zoëga's house proved an asylum for Thorvaldsen. As yet, therefore, as may be supposed, he had been unable to settle down to work; and on this account he was the more anxious, because it depended on the Academy being satisfied with the progress he had made, whether his stipend should be continued beyond the allotted three years.

But when matters had at length assumed a more tranquil appearance, he lost no time in completing and sending off Rothe's bust, and in busying himself with Bernstorff's.

At the same time, being desirous of making up for lost time, he had begun to model a little group, two feet in height, of "Bacchus and Ariadne," which he intended sending to the Academy.

But everything seemed to conspire against him: another attack of fever came on, and, instead of being able to execute this group in marble, he was obliged to have it cast in plaster, and hurriedly sent off with the other to Copenhagen. His ill luck, however, did not rest here; for the packing-case was addressed to his friend Abildgaard, who, at the time of its arrival, was absent in Jutland, whence he did not return till the following summer, and it was accordingly left lying unnoticed in the Custom-house all that time.

The allotted three years had, meanwhile, nearly expired, and he had heard nothing from the Academy. What was to be done? His funds were at a very low ebb; the expenses which he had been obliged to incur had run away with all his available resources,

so that, had he even wished to do so, he could not possibly have left Rome. Under these depressing circumstances he deemed it best to write to the Academy, and inform them of the home-sent package, and at the same time humbly request them to permit him to remain longer in Italy, where not only the disturbed condition of public affairs, but his own weak state of health, had prevented him from working so diligently as he could have wished.

On the receipt of this letter the Academy became, for the first time, aware that Thorvaldsen had sent some specimens of his progress home; and at the same time, taking into consideration the excuses alleged, granted him a continuance of his stipend for two years more, on the condition that the last year's allowance should be devoted to defray the expenses of his journey home.

Thorvaldsen had formed great expectations of the effect the first-fruits of his sojourn in Italy would produce; but strange to say, for some reason which did not transpire, Abild-

gaard, on his return, only forwarded the "Bacchus and Ariadne" to the Academy. The directors, however, were well pleased with the artist's performance; though at the same time it must be noticed that they did not deem it worthy of exhibition at the Exposition of Works of Art which was held about this time in Copenhagen.

Meanwhile Thorvaldsen had now begun to devote his thoughts and energies to further undertakings. And it was about this date that he conceived the idea of executing a work which may truly be said to have been the foundation of all his future success and reputation. It was the famous statue of "Jason, with the Golden Fleece."

While he was thus busily employed the report had got spread about Copenhagen that he was dead. His parents had received no tidings of him for two years, and the most exaggerated accounts of the perils and dangers to which all foreigners were exposed in Rome had reached their ears.

Towards the end, however, of 1801, Thorvaldsen received a letter from his father, of which the following is a copy :—

"Dear Son,

"I have received your welcome letter of August last; it is the first I have had from you for two years. . . . . On Maunday Thursday we had a thunderstorm, which has never been equalled in history (viz. a naval battle), and which raged incessantly for five hours.

"The proud Admiral Nelson attacked our block-ships, which were lying at anchor, with twelve ships of the line, and six or eight frigates. Our vessels were for the most part useless; still the Danish lads gave him such a warm reception, that he will never care about returning to Copenhagen.

"This *breakfast* cost the English 2600 men, and twelve ships of the line, which they had to burn, or sink by degrees.

"Our loss was trifling. Never was such a battle heard of. Nelson was four times as

strong as we were, and yet had to sue for a cessation of hostilities.

"G. THORVALDSEN."

It should be mentioned that Thorvaldsen had sent a second package home to the Academy, containing, amongst other works, Bernstorff's bust. But an unlucky star seemed to rest over all his endeavours. For two years did this package remain at Leghorn, awaiting a favourable opportunity for shipment to Copenhagen; at the expiration of which time the firm to which it had been consigned failed, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that it was ultimately rescued.

Moreover, as the two years which the Academy had granted him had now nearly expired, in accordance with which grant it had been arranged that nothing further would be given him wherewith to defray his travelling expenses, he wrote to the Directors in March, 1802, announcing his impending departure from Rome.

But the critical turn in Thorvaldsen's life was now fast approaching.

It had been his determination to leave Rome in the course of the ensuing summer. When, however, the time arrived for his departure, he found himself short of the needful funds. Another cause, too, was doubtless instrumental in making him decide upon remaining a little longer.

Zoëga had for several years meditated paying a visit to Denmark, and having heard that Thorvaldsen was shortly returning thither, easily prevailed on him to postpone his journey till the following spring, when they could travel in company.

This apparently unimportant circumstance probably exercised as great an influence on the whole future of our artist, as the subsequent visit of Mr. Hope; for by thus postponing his journey for half a year, the desire of again setting to work, which had been so often damped, again returned.

The model of "Jason," which he had broken

up, again occupied his thoughts; and before any one was aware, he had completed a model of the hero in clay, in size larger than life.

November had now arrived, and brought him a letter from Abildgaard, conveying the welcome intelligence that the Academy, in consideration of the numerous drawbacks and difficulties to which he had hitherto been exposed, granted him another year's stipend. Thus reassured, he continued to work so diligently at his model, that by the beginning of the following year (1803) it was so far completed as to excite general admiration. It is reported of Canova that he was so much struck with it on visiting Thorvaldsen's studio, as to remark, "Quest' opera di giovane danese è fatto in uno stilo nuovo e grandioso."

Amongst the Danes at Rome during this time was a lady, Fru Brun, who was not only a great admirer of Thorvaldsen, but who evinced her admiration in a manner more substantial than is usual.

An anecdote of her is related, with reference

to this famous statue, which is worthy of record.

Many years afterwards, when Thorvaldsen was on the pinnacle of his glory, a German prince visited his studio, for the purpose of inspecting the great sculptor's works. Fru Brun was also of the company. On approaching the statue of "Jason," the lady remarked, in a complacent tone, "Da steht mein Sohn! nicht wahr, Thorvaldsen?" Thorvaldsen, however, who felt annoyed at such an unwarrantable appropriation of maternal rights, curtly answered, "Er hat Ihnen nur wenig Geburtsschmerzen gekostet!"

For two months "Jason" had been visited by an admiring multitude; but as nothing further had come from these visits, Thorvaldsen determined that the model should be sent after him to Copenhagen. His own departure was fixed for the 8th March; but as Zoëga had found himself obliged to relinquish his idea of visiting his native country for the present, he made arrangements to travel in com-

pany with a Prussian sculptor. The necessary agreement with the *vetturino* was made; and on the morning in question, the carriage drove up to the door at the hour agreed on. The portmanteaus were quickly strapped on, and everything was in order for the journey, except his travelling companion. But after a considerable time had elapsed, he at length appeared—only to announce that, as he had been unable to get his passport properly *visé*, he could not possibly set out that day. As Thorvaldsen had no inclination to travel alone, their departure was postponed till the following morning, to the great disgust of the *vetturino*, who cursed and swore as an Italian only can.

Somewhat later in the day, a "valet de place" came to his studio, to say that an English gentleman was waiting outside, and was extremely desirous of being admitted to see the statue of "Jason." Permission was promptly granted, and Mr. Hope was ushered in.

Whether Mr. Hope was aware of the

critical position of Thorvaldsen's affairs is uncertain; but it is more than probable that "Jason" proved his best spokesman.

On asking how much the statue would cost in marble, Thorvaldsen, like a shipwrecked man, when assistance is approaching, saw his fortune rising. "Six hundred zecchinos" (£300) was the prompt reply; to which Mr. Hope as readily agreed, remarking, at the same time, that it was but a small remuneration for so large a work!

And though, as will be seen, Thorvaldsen could not possibly make much profit from the commission, yet the great object was obtained—viz. that he remained in Italy.

It has been very generally believed that Thorvaldsen's circumstances at once assumed a flourishing condition on the receipt of this commission.

But let us examine the facts of the case as they really were.

Mr. Hope had paid him 300 scudi (about £63) in advance; but out of this, he had to

purchase a block of Carrara marble, which alone cost him 650 scudi. So that, for the present, as far as pecuniary matters were concerned, he was in fact worse off than he had been before.

Moreover, from the works he had already sent home, he had received next to nothing, whilst the expenses of freight, &c., had all fallen upon him.

Rothe's bust was still lying for inspection at Abildgaard's house; while Bernstorff's, from the sale of which he had expected the most certain profit, had been removed to Count Reventlow's house, where it remained till 1808, when the Count by chance happened to mention that the bust was at his house, and that he did not know its destination.

To this communication Thorvaldsen replied, that the proceeds of the sale had been intended for his father's use, but that as he was now dead, it had better remain at his Excellency's house.

His straitened circumstances, the bad state

of his health, combined with *other causes*, induced a state of melancholy and low spirits which his friends tried in vain to dissipate. One of them, however, in all probability arrived pretty near to the truth, when in his endeavours to find out why he was in such bad humour, and so discontented, Thorvaldsen naïvely replied, "Perhaps womankind has a little to do with it."

The "innamorata" of those summer evenings at Genzano had given her hand to an Italian gentleman, who was possessed of some considerable property. But, unfortunately, Thorvaldsen's relations with the Signora Anna Maria were not on that account at an end! And it probably weighed heavily upon his mind, that he still remained under the influence of this connection without power to free himself.

But the matrimonial happiness of the newly wedded pair was, as may well be supposed, of no long duration, a contingency, indeed, which the wily Italian beauty had provided for when

she extracted a promise from her lover, "to take care of her, in case her husband, as she thought probable, should desert her." The expected storm burst in Florence, and henceforth Thorvaldsen's destiny was closely attached to hers.

A trace of the catastrophe, which must have taken place about this time, may be gathered from a letter couched in mysterious terms, which Thorvaldsen received from a priest in the cloister of Signora Maria Della Stella, dated June 12, 1803, in which a "rendezvous" is appointed concerning the Signora Maria Uhden.

From this time forth this unhappy connection lies like a dark thread interwoven in the brilliant career which awaited him.

Such was the position of affairs when the fame of Thorvaldsen's "Jason" went forth into the world, and connoisseurs hailed him as the regenerator of the long-lost antique art.

In the autumn of this year (1803), Baron

Schubart, the Danish Minister at the Neapolitan Court, came to spend a few weeks in Rome. He had already heard of the rising fame of his young countryman, and was on that account the more anxious to make his acquaintance. But it was scarcely "Jason" that was the cause of this, but rather an unfortunate broken-down architect from Denmark, who had recently come to Italy, and had found in Schubart's house that care and attendance of which he stood in such great need.

Charles Stanley had been one of Thorvaldsen's oldest friends in Copenhagen. He had gained the great gold medal in 1795, but, for some cause or other, did not receive a travelling stipend till 1802. From his sick bed in Naples, he had written frequent letters to his friend, in all of which Schubart's excellence and kindness were portrayed in lively characters; while, at the same time, he imparted to his host all his admiration and esteem for Thorvaldsen.

Thus knowing each other, as it were, before they had even met, it is not to be wondered at if they became very intimate, as soon as they had become personally acquainted.

To Thorvaldsen, indeed, this intimacy proved of no small service; for he thereby gained an introduction into all the higher circles of society in Rome, to which Schubart's rank and position gave him the *entrée*.

He now for the first time made the acquaintance of Baron Humboldt, at whose house he was ever a welcome guest, and whose powerful influence and patronage proved of great use to him.

Another acquaintance, too, which he made about this time, and which led to immediate results, was that of the Countess Woronzoff, who had recently arrived in Rome on a visit. This lady, attracted by Thorvaldsen's reputation as a rising artist, paid him a visit in his studio, and ordered two statues, "Bacchus" and "Ganymede," and a group of "Amor and Psyche," in marble; and subsequently

added to it by a further commission of "Venus" and "Apollo."

But it was not only in Italy that Schubart's patronage proved valuable to him. In his enthusiastic admiration for an artist, whose fame could not but reflect renown and honour upon his patron, he conceived the idea of recommending him to some of his influential friends in Copenhagen, and especially to his sister, the Countess Charlotte of Schimmelmann.

The house of Schimmelmann was, at this period, the central point of attraction in Copenhagen. Not only was the Countess high in favour at Court, but her *salons* were the constant resort of all the eminent poets and artists of the day.

Schubart therefore felt that, by introducing his *protégé* to his sister's notice, his own ends would be the more likely to be obtained.

It will, perhaps, afford the reader some insight into the character of this man, if the letter which Thorvaldsen addressed to

the Countess, *at his dictation*, is laid before him.

" à Rome le 7 Nov. 1803.

" Madame la Comtesse !

" Pardon si un inconnu ose s'adresser à vous, mais on dit, que vous êtes si bonne, si sensible aux malheurs d'autrui ; et si j'en juge d'après l'excellent cœur de votre frère, je dois vous supposer la dame la plus accomplie qui puisse exister.

" On m'a toujours dit, Madame la Comtesse ! que vous ne cessiez de faire le bien, que vous vous intéressiez aux arts, aux artistes, et à ceux qui ont des talents. Les miens ne sont en vérité pas fort grands, mais je sens, que si le destin se lasse de me persécuter, je ne serai pas indigne d'être votre compatriote, Madame la Comtesse ! Je sais que monsieur votre frère vous a parlé de moi, de mes ouvrages, et de mes malheurs. Il vous aura dit ce que son cœur sensible lui aura inspiré, et je suis bien persuadé qu'il vous a trop dit ; mais je ne vous cache pas, que si par vos

bontés je pouvois trouver de quoi vivre encore deux ans, je deviendrais un artiste habile.

" Vous voyez, Madame la Comtesse, que j'ose vous parler avec franchise, même aux dépens de la modestie, et cela vous prouve, combien ma confiance en vous est grande. Si le Roi m'accorde quelques secours, je m'engagerai à travailler pour Sa Majesté. On n'a qu'à me donner le sujet que j'exécuterai avec enthousiasme, puisqu'il s'agira de me rendre digne de votre bienveillance. Les frais du marbre devraient être pour le compte de la cour, parceque je n'ai aucun moyen pour y suppléer moi-même, mais l'ouvrage seroit exécuté à raison de ce qu'on me donneroit annuellement, et pour m'acquitter envers un Gouvernement paternel, qui ne me doit rien, mais auquel je dois tout le bonheur qu'il répand sur ma chère patrie.

" Ma hardiesse est grande, Madame la Comtesse, de m'adresser à vous ; mais votre bonté est plus grande encore, et cela me rassure. D'ailleurs c'est monsieur votre frère qui

m'a donné du courage, et c'est lui qui me permet de vous écrire, tandis que je n'ose pas même m'adresser à Son Excellence le Comte Reventlow, qui fut de tout temps mon protecteur, et moins encore à Son Excellence Monsieur le Comte votre époux, quoique je sache qu'il a la plus belle ame et le caractère le plus noble.

"J'ai l'honneur de signer avec le plus profond respect et la plus grande admiration, Madame la Comtesse,

"Votre très humble,

"très obéissant Serviteur."

That this fawning and servile epistle, in every way so unworthy of Thorvaldsen, was despatched, there is no reason to doubt. Couched in a far nobler and manlier style are the following lines by Baroness Schubart, to a friend in Copenhagen:—

"Si l'on encourage à présent Thorvaldsen, et qu'il n'a pas besoin de penser au (—) nécessaire, il deviendra *le Praxiteles de son siècle*, très digne de remplacer un jour Canova, lors-

que l'âge mettra des bornes à l'activité de celui-ci. Déjà le *Jason* de Thorvaldsen annonce plus de génie que le *Persée* de Canova, on en convient à Rome.

"Cependant notre Thorvaldsen risque de tomber en mélancolie et de devenir inutile, si on ne releve son courage ; il aura besoin pour sa santé d'une nourriture plus succulente que celle des jeunes artistes à Rome, qui souvent . . . . sont exposés à des maladies, ce qui a été le cas de Thorvaldsen déjà. Il est rangé, économe et de bonnes mœurs ; il ne demandera point du superflu . . . . . "

On the receipt of these letters, Countess Schimmelmann at once sent for Abildgaard, and conferred with him as to the best steps to take to advance the young sculptor's prospects. Unfortunately, however, this gentleman's influence with the Academy was not so great as formerly.

It was just at this period, which may be considered to have been the turning point in Thorvaldsen's career, when his affairs were

being discussed in the *salons* of the Danish capital, that he received tidings of his mother's death in a letter from Abildgaard. But, strange to say, the intelligence was conveyed to him in such an off hand way, and in a manner so totally devoid of all feeling, that Thorvaldsen never forgave him.

Thorvaldsen felt deeply hurt at such conduct from a man whom he had always looked on not only as his patron but as a sincere friend; and, in his reply to Abildgaard, it is worthy of remark that he studiously avoided making the most distant allusions to the severe loss he had sustained. Meanwhile, the exertions of his friends in Copenhagen to further his interests did not prove fruitless, as the following rescript from the Academy will show:—

"Pro memoriâ.

"The numerous proofs you have given of your talents have not escaped the notice of the directors.

"H. R. H. the Crown Prince has, more-

over, expressed his joy at seeing a Dane gaining the admiration of connoisseurs in Rome, and His Majesty, our gracious King, has been pleased to grant you a douceur of 300 rix-dollars as a proof how dear it is to him to see you progressing in a career which you inaugurated so well before leaving your native country, where it is to be hoped you will return to develop that taste which you have so successfully cultivated.

"SCHIMMELMANN. MOLTKE.

"March 6, 1804."

If there be truth in the old saying, "A word in season how good is it," it was amply verified in the present instance.

His health had for a long time been in a weakly state, owing to the recent attacks of fever from which he had suffered; and the deep grief into which he had been plunged on receiving the mournful tidings of his mother's death had had such an effect on his nervous system as to excite the alarm of his immediate friends. Nothing, therefore, could have

arrived more opportunely than this communication from the Academy. The effect was marvellous; not only did his health now show daily signs of amendment, but a desire to work at his profession returned. But let us hear what he says himself, in a letter to Schubart:—

"By this post," he writes, "I have received a letter which has made me indescribably happy, and gives me great expectations of my future success.

"Not only has the little I have already executed been honoured with an attention far surpassing my most sanguine hopes, but it has also procured for me the favour of the Crown Prince, and a douceur of 300 dollars from our beloved King.

"To you alone, most noble Baron, am I indebted for all this. Be assured it will ever be my constant endeavour to deserve your esteem and favour."

Still, though his health had considerably improved, his physicians strongly advised him

to leave Rome for a while. This he now consented to do, and in April, 1804, set out to Naples, to pay his friend, Baron Schubart, a long-promised visit, though not without objections being raised on the part of Anna Maria.

His stay at this place was, however, but of short duration, as the Schubarts had to leave, and the family with which he had travelled from Rome were also departing. It grieved him much to part with his sick friend, Stanley, whom he could scarcely hope to see again; and it may be mentioned as a proof of the thoughtfulness of Thorvaldsen's character, that he did not allude to his approaching departure as he went to see him for the last time the evening before quitting Naples.

In a letter which Stanley wrote shortly after, he says, "Thanks! for having spared me the pain of parting. I had no idea, when you came to see me, that you were leaving Naples so shortly. It was kindly done!"

After returning to Rome, where he re-

mained only a few days, he accompanied his friends, the Moltkes, to Florence. Here he made the acquaintance of the most renowned artists of that city. Here, too, he received the honour of being appointed professor in the Florentine Academy, the first title of distinction he had acquired since Provost Höyer had called him "Mons. Thorvaldsen" years before.

His stay in Florence did not last long, as he was desirous of visiting his friends, the Schubarts, at Montenero, before returning to Rome. Here he found a letter from Hansen, the architect of the new palace in Copenhagen, couched in the most flattering and complimentary terms, and requesting him to execute some statues for the decoration of the large saloons, the subjects of which were to be left to his own choice.

Thorvaldsen had now been absent three months from Rome, during which period he had received constant letters from Anna Maria, whose jealousy had been aroused at

hearing that she had a rival among the retinue of Countess Moltke.

Instead, however, of returning to Rome, as the jealous Italian wished, he set out for Carrara, to purchase a block of marble for his "Jason;" and on his return to Montenero, to celebrate Baroness Schubart's birthday, remained a few days longer with his friends, in order to complete a bas-relief, "The Dance of the Muses on Helicon," which he intended as a birthday present to the lady of the house.

Finally, towards the end of September, he obeyed the summons of his impatient mistress, and returned to Rome, with the proud title of professor to one of the most renowned academies of Europe, and, what was still better, with his health restored.

His visit to Montenero had not only done him incalculable good in a physical point of view, but it must also be regarded as forming an important epoch in his life; for from his sojourn here may truly be dated the birth of those artistic powers of which the "Dance of

the Muses on Helicon" was the first-fruits, and which were subsequently to yield such a rich and abundant harvest.

It was, perhaps, fortunate that he had not protracted his stay at Montenero, for a few weeks after his return, Schubart wrote him word that an epidemic fever had broken out in Leghorn, and thence extended to the surrounding districts.

"We are still at Montenero," writes the baron, "and are quite left to ourselves. Indeed, all the people seem frightened out of their wits. The Italians are dreadful cowards. The fact of the matter is this; the sudden change of the weather has rendered bilious fevers rather prevalent—a disease which, however dangerous it may prove in the hands of unskilful physicians, can scarcely be considered to be contagious.

"That the proverbial dirtiness of the Italians has considerably aggravated the disorder I entertain not the slightest doubt, while their absurd fears have produced a great deal of

mischief. Merchants have abandoned their offices, labourers their employment, and most of the shops are closed, while the people are flying away in all directions.

"Since last Tuesday, however, they have become more reassured, as on that day the magistrates ordered a pilgrimage to this place, where the Holy Virgin, for the first time after an interval of forty years, was taken out of her recess and shown to the multitude. When the sacred image was brought out from the church they all knelt down, and presented a very imposing spectacle.

"Since then the sickness has considerably abated, and but few deaths have occurred. Of course this result is ascribed to the miraculous power of the Virgin; and, indeed, I find it quite reasonable that the miracle succeeded.

"In the first place, the whole town, for there were not less than 40,000 persons in the procession, after a long sedentary life in the foggy atmosphere of Leghorn, were thus enabled to inhale the pure air of the mountains

for a whole day, while the exercise they underwent on their march cannot but have had a beneficial effect. And when in connection with these the superstitious feeling with which they regard the Holy Virgin is taken into account, together with their highly excitable temperament, the only marvel would have been if the miracle had not proved a success."

Thorvaldsen had now entered upon his 35th year, and it is at this period that the history of his youthful days closes.

His health, which had been so much impaired, was now restored; and though he constantly suffered at subsequent intervals from the unwholesome climate of Rome, yet he became sufficiently acclimatized not to experience any material inconvenience.

Up to this time his pecuniary affairs had always been very straitened; but better days were in store for him, the dawn of which was already apparent.

But a bitter sorrow seems still to have

weighed heavily on his mind, of which Stanley was made the only confidant: it was, that he had as yet been unable to do anything for his parents. The works that he had sent home had only saddled him with expenses; and he felt that his friends at home could only regard the death of his beloved mother as being one burden the less.

Moreover, the brilliant expectations he had formed of being honourably employed in works for his fatherland, and which, through the instrumentality of Schubart and other powerful friends, he had hoped were on the eve of being fulfilled, proved illusory. Denmark at this period was no place for a sculptor like Thorvaldsen!

CHAPTER II.

Gotskalk Thorvaldsen — First Bas-relief — Last Letter from his Father—"Adonis"—Oehlenschläger—"Entry of Alexander into Babylon"—"Dance of the Muses"—Duke of Bedford—"Venus"—Æginetan Statues—Lord Byron—"The Shepherd Boy"—Miss Mackenzie—"Mercury"—Crown Prince of Bavaria—Engagement to Miss Mackenzie—Monument for Switzerland.

ALTHOUGH Thorvaldsen had now been eight years in Rome, yet till this period he cannot be said to have acquired anything like distinction as a sculptor. Not only had the frequent attacks of fever to which he had been exposed rendered him incapable of working at his profession, but political causes had made Rome anything but a suitable residence for a young artist who had nothing but his talents to rely on. It was only now, too, for the first time that his circumstances were so far improved as to relieve him in a great mea-

sure from those anxious cares which had hitherto exerted such a depressing influence on his mind.

It has already been stated at the end of the last chapter that it had long been "a thorn in his flesh" that he had been unable to do anything for his parents. But now it might not unnaturally be supposed that, as his affairs were beginning to assume a more prosperous appearance, it would be his first care to relieve his friends of the burden of providing for his sole surviving parent, and take this duty upon himself. For it was currently reported at Copenhagen, and had, doubtless, reached the old man's ears, that "Thorvaldsen had now become a capitalist, and had forty men under him at work; that he occupied numerous apartments, and was possessed of a great quantity of plate," &c.

As these assertions at first sight would lead one to conclude that Thorvaldsen was totally devoid of due filial affection, it will be well to glance briefly at them, and see if they

will stand the test of examination into the facts.

It was undoubtedly true, then, that he had entered upon a much more active career than heretofore, had enlarged his workshop, and was employing a fair number of hands. But those who circulated these reports had entirely omitted to look at the increased expenditure such outlay would necessarily engender. While carefully scanning the "debit" side of the account, they had not even deemed the "credit" side worthy of consideration. What with the enlargement of his studio, the wages of his workpeople, and the blocks of marble which had to be purchased, his weekly outgoings considerably exceeded his receipts.

These are stubborn facts, which report at home entirely lost sight of, and which, it is very probable, even his father did not take into consideration.

Much, therefore, as he might have wished to place his father in comfortable circumstances, it was not in his power to do so

at present. And it was worse than useless to send more of his works to Copenhagen, where no one would purchase them, thus only burdening him with the expenses of their transport.

His friend Stanley, who happened to be at this time staying with him, and to whom alone he confided all his anxieties and troubles, strongly urged him to procure admission for his father into the "Vartor"—an institution for aged and decayed people of either sex. Thorvaldsen did not exactly approve of this course, but as he did not oppose it, Stanley, of his own accord, and without consulting him further, wrote to some influential friend in Copenhagen on the subject, and the result was, that the old man, after a good deal of persuasion, was induced to accept the asylum proffered to him.

Towards the latter part of the previous year Thorvaldsen had expressed his willingness to Schubart to execute a baptismal font for Brahe-Trolleborg Church, at the request of the Countess, his sister, and had already forwarded

a couple of rough sketches of the design for her approval. As this was the first positive order of any magnitude that he had received from Denmark, his first inclinations prompted him to embrace the Countess's proposal; the more so as he hoped thereby to enlist her sympathies on behalf of his father. But as he found that it would not bring him in any immediate gain, he felt himself obliged, though reluctantly, to defer it to a future period, when his resources should be in a more flourishing state than was the case now.

For the present, therefore, he devoted himself to the execution of the commissions entrusted to him by the Countess Woronzoff, as above mentioned.

This very fact then ought to clear Thorvaldsen from a charge of "want of filial affection," proving as it does that his means were so limited, that he was obliged to give up a commission on which he would fain have set to work at once, for others, only because the gain to be derived from them was more immediate.

Though his hands were thus fully occupied, there appeared in his studio a new work, which not only met with universal admiration, but gained the praise of the most severe critics, even in a higher degree than had been the case with his "Jason." "Jason," it is true; had brought him to a level with Canova, but by this bas-relief, he attained an eminence which was beyond his great rival's reach. It was "Achilles in despair as Agamemnon's heralds are bearing off the beautiful Briseis."

Zoëga, who had made a constant practice of visiting his studio, was so charmed with it, that in a letter to a friend he remarked, "He and Canova are the first sculptors in Rome. I am glad to see my prophecy concerning him being fulfilled, which I made at a time when no one would believe it." This beautiful composition found an immediate purchaser in the person of Count Rantzau Breitenburg, a Holstein nobleman, who had recently arrived in Rome.

The Count had brought letters of introduc-

tion with him to Baron Schubart, and it was his great wish that Thorvaldsen, with whom his acquaintance had quickly ripened into a close intimacy, should accompany him on a short trip to Montenero. It was an offer too tempting to be resisted; so, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of the Signora Anna Maria, who remembered his journey of the former year with Count Moltke, he set off with his friend, "leaving the lady in anger, and not even bidding her farewell."

In a letter which he wrote from Montenero to his friend Stanley, whom he had left in charge of his studio, no allusion is made to the deserted Ariadne, but "Perucca," his little dog, is most tenderly inquired after. Of course, this message, as was intended, came to the signora's ears, who at once wrote to her faithless lover, bitterly complaining of her indisposition and "sleepless nights," at the same time upbraiding him for the tender attention he had evinced "per una bestia, domandando della salute del vostro cane."

But the quarrel was doubtless soon made up, for in her next epistle, her wrath appears to have evaporated in a wish, that he would bring her a pair of "good English scizzars from Leghorn."

In another letter from Stanley was enclosed one from his father, who, he now for the first time learnt, had already become an inmate of the "Vartor."

This letter was not found among his other papers after his death. Probably Thorvaldsen had destroyed it; but of its contents the reader may be able to form some idea from a subsequent letter, the last, indeed, he ever received from his father.

That he felt hurt at the treatment to which his father had been subjected, may be inferred from his studied silence about the matter; for it was his unvarying custom when anything annoyed him more than ordinarily, to keep it buried within his own breast.

"Dear Son,

"If I used any harsh expressions to-

wards you in my last letter, I must pray you to conceal them under the cloak of love.

"But you can scarcely imagine my feelings when I came into this place, and found myself among the halt, the blind, the dumb, and all sorts of cripples. I hardly knew myself what I wrote, in the bitterness of my spirit.

* * * * *

"As regards your handwriting, you write a tolerably legible hand; but if you took more pains, it would be better. However, no great artist ever writes a good hand!

"None of your friends have brought me any tidings of you, and not one of them has done anything for me with the exception of Herr Abildgaard. He gave me ten dollars to pay the expenses of your mother's funeral, which I have had to work hard for to pay back. God knows what *my* burial will be!

"I asked the Wests for some assistance, but in vain. The haughty mason replied, 'that you had never asked him to do any-

thing for me, but only for your mother.' I told him, 'that if he had given her money, it was not worth thanking for, as she put it in lotteries, and never spent it for the house.'

* * * * *

"It were best that I should bid you adieu. I am now sixty-six, and am very weak and in want of everything. I may, therefore, expect to die any day. I shall never have the pleasure of seeing you again.

"Your friends shall not say that I have been a burden to you; and God grant me either death or bread! . . . .

"I am not in a humour to write more, neither have I convenience for so doing.

"Be on your guard against those crafty Italians.

"That you may always live happily is the wish of your attached father,

"G. THORVALDSEN."

During the whole of the following year, 1806, Thorvaldsen seems to have scarcely

occupied himself at his profession. His pecuniary circumstances were again in a very unsatisfactory condition. Moreover, his friend Stanley died in the spring, and later on towards the autumn tidings reached him that his father was no more.

So much, indeed, did this combination of misfortunes weigh upon him that he frequently expressed his determination to quit Rome altogether, and content himself with his apartments in the Charlottenburg, and his yearly stipend of 400 dollars, to which he was entitled as a professor of the Academy.*

Neither does the following year, 1807, seem to have been prolific in anything but a voluminous correspondence with Professor Hansen, concerning works required for the new palace.

* He had been elected a Member of the Academy in May, 1805, and to a vacant Professorship in the June following. This appointment entitled him to the free use of apartments in the Charlottenburg, and to a stipend of 400 dollars per annum; but with the proviso that so long as he remained abroad it was to accrue for the benefit of the Academy's funds.

These, in addition to four colossal statues of Hercules, Minerva, Nemesis, and Æsculapius, were to consist of two bas-reliefs, the subjects of which were to be Justice, Truth, Prudence, and Strength. Now the Danish word for truth is "Sandhed," but as the sculptor was at a loss to imagine any allegorical figure by which he could satisfactorily represent the goddess of truth, he chose to read the word as "Sundhed" (health), and selected Æsculapius and Hygæa as suitable types.

But if the two preceding years had been barren in results, the following one gave birth to a work, perhaps the most perfect of all his productions. It was the statue of Adonis, of which Canova remarked to Fra Brun, "Questa statuetta è bella, è nobile, è plena di sentimento: il vostro amico davvéro è un' uomo divino," adding, after a moment's pause, "Il est pourtant dommage que je ne suis plus jeune." A copy of it was immediately ordered for the Crown Prince of Bavaria, for the sum of 2000 scudi; but years had first to

elapse before it was sent off to its destination.

Rome had again become a scene of confusion and disorder; and once more was occupied by hostile troops. Every one who could hastened away. Thorvaldsen, however, either from necessity or inclination, remained behind.

It was at this time that he lost a good and sincere friend in Zoëga. For this talented and erudite gentleman Thorvaldsen had entertained the most profound respect. He never forgot the kind and fatherly way in which he had taken him by the hand when first he came, as a helpless stranger, to Rome, nor the welcome that ever awaited him beneath his hospitable roof. Zoëga had, indeed, been a true friend: an impartial, occasionally a severe, critic! In a word, without him, it is more than probable that Thorvaldsen might never have attained the distinction and fame that subsequently rendered his name so glorious.

At the very time, however, that he lost one

friend he gained another in the person of the renowned tragic writer, Oehlenschläger.

These two illustrious persons had never before seen each other. When Oehlenschläger came into his studio, the first thing his eye rested upon was the statue of Jason. "As I stood," he himself relates, "absorbed in gazing at it, and presently turned my eyes a little on one side, I became aware of the presence of a man very meanly dressed. His countenance was remarkable for the regularity and intellectual expression of its features, and for the deep blue of the eyes. He stood beside me, with his boots bespattered with clay, and regarded me with evident attention. 'Thorvaldsen!' I cried; 'Oehlenschläger!' he answered. We embraced and kissed each other, and from that moment became brothers."*

In the summer of 1810 Thorvaldsen again paid a visit to his friends at Montenero. They had had a convenient studio erected for

* Oehlenschlagers Erindringer, II. p. 195.

him close by the villa, of which he now took possession for the first time. But his stay was, happily, but of short duration; for, but a little time after he had left, a violent thunder-storm occurred, and a flash of lightning struck the building in which the studio was situated, passing exactly through the identical spot where he was in the habit of spending so many hours, and even slightly injuring a still damp bas-relief in front of the easel.

It would be tedious and uninteresting to the English reader to give a detailed account of the manner in which Thorvaldsen passed his time. And while it has been the aim of the writer of these pages to pass over no circumstance which may be considered to form an epoch, or an important link in his history, many minor occurrences of little or no interest, except to some few of those more closely connected with him, have been purposely passed over in silence. Thus no further apology is needed for dropping the thread of the narrative for a time marked by nothing

of any interest, to take it up again in the year 1812.

At this period the Romans were expecting a visit from the Emperor Napoleon, who was to arrive in the course of the following summer, and were busily occupied in preparing the Quirinal for his reception. The architect Stern, or, as the Romans called him, Sterni, had undertaken the restoration of the palace, and had called in the aid of the most distinguished artists in Rome. For some reason or other, Thorvaldsen had taken no part in the work: probably illness had prevented him. But happening by chance one day to meet with Sterni, the architect made him a proposal, which Thorvaldsen readily accepted.

It was a frieze work for one of the large *salons* that Sterni required, and though there were but two months left before the Emperor might be expected, Thorvaldsen was not to be thereby intimidated.

He chose for his subject, "The Triumphant Entry of Alexander into Babylon;" and so

diligently did he set to work, that by the time appointed it was finished.

That it was carefully executed was not to be expected, when it is borne in mind that it was twenty-five Danish ells in length, or rather more than fifty English feet. But when all the respective parts came to be collected and arranged in order, it surpassed everybody's most sanguine expectations. Henceforth, Thorvaldsen was known by the patronymic of "The Patriarch of Bas-relief."

As this is, perhaps, the most celebrated of all his bas-reliefs, a description of it, which he wrote for the Crown Prince of Bavaria, shall be laid before the reader.

1. Alexander on a car, conducted by Victory.
2. His armour bearers.
3. His horse, Bucephalus.
4. His generals.
5. A group of cavalry and infantry.
6. An elephant laden with trophies: by its side a Persian prisoner.

7. More of his troops, emerging from a forest of palms.

8. The river separating the army from the town: on the banks a fisherman.

9. The river Tigris.

10. A shepherd bringing his flock of sheep as a present to Alexander.

11. People, awaiting the arrival of Alexander, on the walls and before the gates of the town.

12. The Chaldeans, or diviners, going to meet Alexander.

13. Lions, panthers, and horses.

14. Bagophanes erecting the silver perfumed altar.

15. Maidens strewing flowers in the way.

16. Mazæus with his children going to meet him, and delivering to him the city of Babylon.

17. The goddess of freedom delaying the car of Alexander.

The frieze was put in its place in the Imperial Palace; but Napoleon, in whose honour

it had been executed, never came to Rome, so that this great work became of no importance for the Quirinal.

Another attack of fever having come on, and from which Thorvaldsen but slowly recovered, induced him to try the benefit a change of air and the baths at Lucca would effect. This time Anna Maria raised no objections, though her lover would now not only have to leave her behind, but a little daughter also, a recent pledge of affection.

Whilst at Lucca the Grand Duchess of Tuscany honoured him with an order for a repetition of "The Dance of the Muses on Helicon," and with an invitation to Florence, where he received numerous commissions. But Anna Maria, who seems to have kept a watchful eye over her lover during his absence, was under the impression that this additional journey was undertaken for other purposes than the ostensible ones, and became dreadfully alarmed lest she should never see him again. Jealousy, according to the Faculty, is

not a desirable affection for a woman who is nursing her child; accordingly, Thorvaldsen received a letter from her, in which she complained bitterly of his protracted absence, alleging this as the cause why she "dava il latte sturbato alla bambina." The summons was not without effect; for Thorvaldsen speedily returned to Rome.

During the winter of 1815 the Duke of Bedford visited Rome, and added to his collection of works of art by giving Thorvaldsen an order for a copy of "Achilles and Briseis," and for a statue of his little daughter, Lady Georgiana Elizabeth Russell, a work better known under the title of "Fanciulla."

Whilst he was thus earning fresh laurels in Rome, his sun was only now beginning to shine forth in the horizon of the north. For, strange to say, till this year none of the works which he had sent home to the Academy had been exhibited at the annual exhibition held in Copenhagen. Now, for the first time, the Danish public were able to judge for

themselves of the merits of an artist of whom they had indeed heard, but of whose productions they had seen next to nothing.

It may, indeed, have been owing to the general enthusiasm with which his works were now hailed that he received a most flattering invitation from the Crown Prince of Denmark, as President of the Academy, to return to his fatherland for a time. But though the terms offered were liberal, and though he had a longing once more to see his native country after so long an absence, he felt himself, nevertheless, bound to decline leaving Rome for the present.

The fact was, commissions were pouring in upon him from all quarters. Owing to the disturbed state of affairs, Rome had hitherto been little frequented by distinguished visitors, but now that tranquillity was restored, a reaction had ensued, and the city was actually thronged. Thorvaldsen, therefore, wisely determined upon declining the invitation of his Royal Highness for the present.

Amongst the most famous and most pro-

minent of his works at this particular time may be mentioned the statue of Venus, originally executed for Countess Woronzoff, which now appeared in full size.

Three copies of it were ordered for England: one for Lord Lucan, another for the Duchess of Devonshire, while a third was executed for Sir H. Labouchere (Lord Taunton). Strange enough, all three copies encountered great perils before arriving at their respective destinations.

Thus, that belonging to the Duchess had the misfortune to have the left arm broken on being unpacked, and may now be seen at Chatsworth with a gold bracelet encircling the fractured limb; while the vessel containing Lord Lucan's copy was wrecked off the English coast. The package, however, containing it was at length fished up from the bottom of the sea, so that Venus for a second time emerged from the waves of the ocean.

And when the ship containing Lord Taunton's copy was being unladed, the rope which

sustained the heavy packing-case gave way. But fortunately Ceres received Venus in her embrace, for the vessel was laden with corn, and the statue received no injury.

Some years previously to this, certain antiquarian researches had been set on foot in the island of Ægina, and seventeen statues had been recovered from the Temple of Panhellenic Jupiter. The Crown Prince of Bavaria, who had purchased them for 20,000 scudi, ordered them to be sent from Zante to Rome to be submitted to Thorvaldsen for restoration.

"It is a thankless task," Thorvaldsen is reported to have said, "to restore antique works; for if it be not well done, it were better left undone; and if it be well done, it is as if nothing had been done."

"The restoration of them," says Die Kunst in Italien, III., 255, "was entrusted to Thorvaldsen; and a happier choice could not have been made. Where parts have been wanting, the artist has successfully supplied

them, and the fragments have been so skilfully handled that it requires a practised eye to detect the joints."

On one occasion some visitors came to Thorvaldsen's studio to inspect the work after it had been restored, and when one of them begged the artist to be good enough to point out the places where additions had been necessary, he naïvely replied, "I do not remember where they are, and I cannot see them."

The Papal Government, which had before this availed itself of Thorvaldsen's services in arranging the public collections, again demanded his attention. He was thus brought in constant contact with Canova, with whom his relations, to judge by the correspondence that passed between them, were not of the most agreeable nature.

The year 1817 had now arrived, and according to his promise, Thorvaldsen was bound to visit Copenhagen in the summer. Whether he ever intended to keep this promise is uncertain.

He had not only begged his friend Lund to inform the Prince Christian that he hoped shortly to be in Copenhagen, but had received a congratulatory letter from Hansen, in which the professor expressed his joy at the prospect of seeing him so shortly. Afraid of offending his royal patron and friends at home by again postponing his journey, he probably wished to make it appear as if he was fully prepared to pay his long talked of visit.

If such were the case, an incident opportunely occurred, which offered a plausible reason for remaining in Rome this year also, and of which he was not slow to avail himself.

The Duke of Bedford had not yet received the above-named works, which had now been in hand two years, and accordingly wrote Thorvaldsen a very sharp letter :—

" à Woburn Abbey,
" ce 20 Janvier, 1817.

" Monsieur !

" J'apprends avec infiniment de regret et d'étonnement que vous n'avez pas encore

commencé de ciseler en marbre le bas-relief que j'ai commandé, il y a près de deux ans, pour servir de pendant à celui que j'ai acheté de vous, d'Achille et Briséis.

" Vous vous rappellerez, Monsieur! que vous m'avez promis que l'ouvrage sera achevé en six mois, ou dans un an au plus tard; et voilà près de deux ans que vous avez pris cet engagement. Je vous ai payé en même temps 500 scudi d'avance, dans la confiance que vous ne tarderiez pas de commencer la sculture. Je fais décorer en marbre une grande galerie ici, qui est dans ce moment arrêtée dans ses progrès par l'absence de vos deux bas-reliefs, auxquels je destine une place distinguée, selon leur mérite.

" Je vous supplie donc d'achever avec la plus grande activité le bas-relief de Priam et d'Achille, et je vous prie de me communiquer par M. Irvine le progrès de cet ouvrage.

" J'attends avec une vive impatience l'arrivée de votre charmante statue de ma petite fille.

"Je suis, Monsieur, avec les sentimens d'égard et d'estime,

"Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

"BEDFORD."

Here then was an excuse; and, therefore, Thorvaldsen, in his letter to the Prince, alleges this as his reason for not leaving Rome, while not a word is spoken of the several and important orders he had just received from the Crown Prince of Bavaria, from the Ionian Isles, Prince Esterhazy, and for an equestrian statue in memory of Poniatowski, from Warsaw.

Amongst the numerous and distinguished persons who visited Rome this year, is one who deserves especial notice, namely, Lord Byron.

The current story is, that Thorvaldsen was one day busy in his studio, when he was surprised by a visitor, who, unannounced and enveloped in his riding-cloak, requested him at once to execute his bust.

However characteristic this incident may be of Byron's manner, yet from Thorvaldsen's letters, it is quite evident that the visit was by no means a surprise; in fact, that he had received a letter from Sir J. Hobhouse requesting him to appoint a convenient hour for the reception of his lordship, who was extremely desirous to sit to him for his bust.

The meeting between the artist and the poet is graphically described by Andersen, "Das Märchen meines Lebens," II. 40:—

"Whilst Thorvaldsen," he writes, "was modelling Lord Byron's bust, his lordship sat so uneasily in his chair, and kept changing the expression of his features to such a degree, that he was at length obliged to request him 'to keep his face still, and not to look so unhappy.' On Byron's making answer, that such was the usual expression of his countenance, Thorvaldsen merely replied, 'Indeed!' and went on with his work as well as circumstances would permit."

When completed, it was allowed to be an

excellent likeness by every one, with the exception of Byron himself. "He would look so miserable!" adds Thorvaldsen.

Lord Byron's bust was repeated several times in marble, and many plaster casts were sent to England. A copy of it was ordered from America, with this significant request:—"Place Byron's and Thorvaldsen's names on it, and it will make an immortal monument."

At a later period, Thorvaldsen executed another copy, from a remarkably fine block of Greek marble, when he learnt that Byron had gone to that country in the cause of the liberty of the Greeks.

No sooner had Thorvaldsen got the Æginetan statues off his hands than he gave his attention to a composition which has been considered to be one of the most generally admired of all his works: it was "The Kneeling Ganymede and Eagle."

Lord Ellesmere was the first purchaser of this famous piece.

It is said that he had a beautiful little Roman boy to sit to him for his figure of Ganymede, and that when the lad, tired of the position in which the artist had placed him, threw himself for a few moments into an easier posture, Thorvaldsen suddenly cried out to him, "Be still—do not move a muscle." The child had, unconsciously, assumed a posture so beautiful and unrestrained, that Thorvaldsen determined to avail himself of it. Startled at the commanding tone, the lad remained perfectly motionless, while Thorvaldsen, seizing a piece of clay, instantaneously produced a sketch of his renowned statue, "The Shepherd Boy."

This well-known statue represents a beautiful boy sitting on a rock with his staff in one hand, while with the other he is clasping his bended knee. At his feet a dog is reclining —a portrait of Thorvaldsen's "Teverino." It was executed in marble for Lord Grantley; and another copy was ordered for Lord Altemann. The King of Prussia purchased a cast

of it in bronze, while another of the same material found its way to Paris.

Since 1815 Thorvaldsen had frequently complained of pains in his chest, and of difficulty in respiration. The heavy work on which he was now employed brought the symptoms on again. For a long time he appears not to have mentioned the circumstance to any one; but as this year there chanced to be a Danish physician in Rome, he confided to him the nature of his malady. Dr. Bruun, such was the physician's name, appears to have considered it in rather a serious light, and to have felt grave apprehensions on Thorvaldsen's behalf. He accordingly wrote, both from Florence and also from Milan, to a countryman, Albrecht Schömberg, a physician in Naples, and communicated to him his opinion on Thorvaldsen's case.

In consequence of this Dr. Schömberg wrote to Thorvaldsen, and as this letter casts some light on the cause which subsequently led to his sudden death, it shall be given in full:—

"Naples, 30/10/17.

"Dear Countryman and Friend,

"Our mutual acquaintance, Dr. Bruun, has requested me to write to you without delay on the receipt of his description of your illness. I now comply with his request, and do so the more readily as it gives me an opportunity for saying a word or two of comfort to one whom I so sincerely respect and esteem. His letter not only affords me a new proof of his fine character, but also of his rare talent and scientific knowledge; and the accurate description he has sent me of your condition enables me to pronounce with the most perfect certainty on the same.

"When, therefore, I freely and confidently give you my candid opinion, you must look on it not only as a friend's but also a physician's, who from a long and extended practice is able to speak with some degree of certainty.

"I must confess that on the receipt of Bruun's first letter from Florence, I was not a little astonished to find that you imagined

20173

your complaint to be decline. But from his second letter from Milan, I perceive that no one but yourself entertains this opinion. And it is just this very fact which convinces me that your fears are groundless; for no one who really is consumptive ever believes that he is so.

"But further, any competent physician must at once perceive that your illness arises from the stomach, in a word, that it is from a *hardening*, or, as the Germans term it, 'Anschuppungen,' in the region of the liver and spleen. The pains, therefore, you experience in the chest are only sympathetic. The cause of this may be sought for, not only in the life you have hitherto led, but also from the numerous attacks of fever from which you have suffered, and from the remedies applied, which, however serviceable they may have proved for the time, usually induce consequent sufferings, of which yours is one of the most common forms.

"I am, therefore, so far from entertaining

your opinion, that I cannot acquiesce in Luppi's advice (for whom I otherwise entertain great respect), that you should drink ass's milk."

[Here follows a list of dietetic prescriptions, and instructions in the use of certain drugs.]

"I am convinced," adds the doctor, "by a *continuòus*—but I repeat by a *continuous*—use of these remedies, and by paying attention to the *régime* prescribed, that your health will be completely restored.

"I beseech you, therefore, not only in my name, but in that of all Denmark, to banish an idea from your mind which can only render your condition worse, but also to use diligently the remedies I have prescribed.

"How rejoiced I should be to have contributed to the restoration of your valuable health, concerning which I beg you to have the goodness to inform me.

"With the most profound respect, I remain,

"Your sincerely attached friend,

"ALBR. SCHÖMBERG."

Those who gradually learnt to know and to love the great artist, and were consequently aware of the state of his health, and of the discomfort he experienced in his daily life—for he lived still as *pensionnaire* with Madame Buti—could not but wish for him some of those domestic comforts of which he had hitherto had no experience. And as a natural consequence they wished, first and foremost, to see him united to an amiable wife, one who could make his home cheerful for him after the labours of the day were over. In this project the English families who visited him, and who seem to have become much attached to him during their usually short and flying visits to Rome, took a prominent part. Thus, a Mr. Carignan, a travelling Englishman, who had contracted a friendship with him, and had been furnished by Thorvaldsen, on his leaving Rome, with a letter of introduction to a family in Florence, writes from that place as follows:—

"I have made the acquaintance of Santarelli.

What a noble man! and what an excellent woman his wife is! and what amiable children! Ah! dear Thorvaldsen! what a joyful sight it would be for your friends to see in your house a mother and boys like these, which render Santarelli so happy, and will, in time, do him credit."

So much importance, perhaps, would not have been attached to these expressions had not another letter, from the same gentleman, contained a passage, which, strangely enough, was the means of introducing a lady to Thorvaldsen, who, at one time, seemed likely to fulfil this desirable object.

In alluding to the probable arrival of a Scotch family in Rome, the writer remarks, "In their company you will meet with a young lady, Miss Mackenzie of Seaforth, who is not only a great admirer of the fine arts, but has, moreover, an especial taste for modelling."

Of this lady, and of her relations with Thorvaldsen, we shall have occasion to speak again.

It will not have escaped the reader's notice,

that, owing to the non-arrival of Napoleon, the "Entrance of Alexander into Babylon" was no longer required for the Quirinal. It occurred, therefore, to Thorvaldsen, that it would be a desirable thing if he could get an order for it in marble from Copenhagen; and he, therefore, commissioned Professor Kruse, a countryman of his, who was shortly to return to Denmark, to represent to the Academy, that he was willing to execute the frieze, in marble, together with "two Caryatides," for the sum of 15,000 scudi.

The proposal was warmly taken up at home, and it was determined that a public subscription should be set on foot, and that the works in question should be presented to the King, as an offering from his faithful subjects.

But, meantime, Thorvaldsen, who had probably not as yet heard whether his offer had been accepted, had entered into an arrangement with Count Sommariva, a Lombard nobleman, to execute the frieze in marble. When this piece of intelligence reached

Copenhagen, the Danes became exceedingly angry, and as Thorvaldsen was absent, vented all their indignation on the head of the unfortunate Professor, who, unfortunately, having no written document to produce, could only seek to justify himself by repeating Thorvaldsen's verbal instructions. Finding that, practically at least, but little credit was attached to his assertions, the Professor had recourse to a piece of diplomacy in order to get out of the mess. Accordingly he wrote to Thorvaldsen, and informed him of the disagreeable *contretemps*, adding, "Cannot you thus arrange it—at the very time you are executing one copy for the Count, take another in hand for Copenhagen; thus they will both be originals?"

Simultaneously with this Thorvaldsen also received a letter from Prince Christian, stating that "it would not now be proper to present the King with a work, the original of which was in the possession of a private gentleman;" and at the same proposing that he "should

take in hand a new frieze in marble of the same size, the choice of subjects being left to himself."

But the Professor had guarded against this contingency, by suggesting to Thorvaldsen another scheme, equally artful as the first. "Should it be," he writes, "inconvenient for you to entertain the Prince's wishes, or should you rather prefer to retain 'Alexander's Entry into Babylon,' endeavour to make him believe that you have all along considered the frieze you are executing for Denmark as the *original*, and the one for Sommariva as *the copy*."

Fortunately for Thorvaldsen, Schubart was at that very time staying with him, for it required more diplomacy than he could boast of to get out of the scrape.

Accordingly the Baron wrote to the Prince, and sought to convince him that there existed no reason why the original plan should be given up, "as the work destined for Denmark would not be a copy."

Thorvaldsen also wrote in the same strain, at Schubart's dictation; "I assure your Royal Highness that my work will be an original one, so that you and the Danish public can feel assured on that score."

These united remonstrances had the desired effect, and though there was no longer any talk of making the King a present, the works were ordered for the New Palace, where they may now be seen.

As this correspondence has carried us on rather too far ahead, it will be desirable to turn back for a little while, and speak of the other works which had been engaging Thorvaldsen's attention at that time.

Thus, as regards the order he had received from the Ionian Isles, it will be sufficient to say, without entering into the details of the voluminous correspondence that ensued, that the Lord High Commissioner, Sir T. Maitland, had won the good esteem of the people by his successful endeavours in procuring a Con-

stitution for them, and in the establishment of a university at Corfu, and that the Greek nobility had determined, as a mark of gratitude, to erect a suitable monument to him. The choice of a subject was left to the sculptor, who selected, as a suitable emblem, "Minerva unveiling Falsehood, and taking Truth under her protection."

It will be remembered that the conception of "The Shepherd Boy" was due to the accidental posture into which the model for "Ganymede" had unconsciously thrown himself.

To an occurrence equally fortuitous must be attributed the conception of "Mercury," which Baroness Humboldt called "Die Blüthe aller seinen Arbeiten, die schönste aller seinen Statüen." "The flower of all his works, the most beautiful of all his statues."

One day, as he was going his accustomed route from the studio to Madame Buti's dinner-table, a Roman youth, of surpassing beauty and gracefulness, attracted his attention. He was leaning against a street-door

in the "Via Sistina," in a half-reclining, half-standing posture, conversing with some acquaintance, and utterly unconscious that he was destined thus to be immortalized. In a couple of minutes the whole scene was indelibly stereotyped on the artist's brain. After hurriedly swallowing down his frugal meal, he rose from the table, and drew a sketch of what he had seen, and the next day began the model of "Mercury," in which the Argus slayer is represented in a half-sitting, half-standing posture, with a flute in one hand, with which he has just succeeded in lulling the monster to sleep; while with the other, he is stealthily drawing his sword from the sheath. This famous work was originally executed in marble for the Duke of Augustenborg, but was subsequently sold to Lord Ashburton.

At this time Thorvaldsen formed the acquaintance of a young sculptor, Hermann Freund, who had recently come from Denmark.

A few lines must be devoted to him.

Hermann Freund was born in Bremen, where his father followed the trade of a smith. At an early age he was sent to Copenhagen to learn the business with a relative in that city. But the profession of a smith did not prove agreeable to his taste, and therefore, when he had fulfilled the term of his apprenticeship, he devoted all his thoughts and energies to one object, viz., the career of a sculptor.

He soon made great progress in his new profession, and obtained employment at the palace. In 1813–14 he was sent to Norway on government matters, and on his return to Copenhagen passed through the several examinations in the Academy, till, in 1817, he carried off the great gold medal.

As far as it has been possible to ascertain, he arrived in Rome in April, 1818, bringing with him several letters of introduction to Thorvaldsen. Thus began a connection in which, without any regard to his own success

as a sculptor, he sacrificed his best years, and devoted all his energies to the works of his distinguished countryman.

Just at the very time that Thorvaldsen received Freund into his studio, his friends at Carrara sent him another young sculptor, who like Freund attached himself to Thorvaldsen, and whose confidence he seems to have enjoyed. This was Giovanni Bienaimé.

Amongst the other acquaintances of this year must be mentioned the Crown Prince Louis of Bavaria, the subsequent lover and admirer of Lola Montes. Though frequent letters had been interchanged, Thorvaldsen had hitherto never seen His Royal Highness.

It will be seen subsequently that Thorvaldsen was on the most intimate terms with the Prince, of which the following incident was but a natural result. On leaving Rome His Royal Highness sent him a bottle of choice "Steinwein" of 1631 vintage, with a copy of verses, in which the following

stanza is devoted by the royal poet to his friend :—

" Auch für Dich ist solcher, grosser Däne;
Der bewirkt was unerreichbar schien!
Leben giebst Du jeder Marmorsehne,
Phidias hohe Kunst ist Dir verliehn! "

During the spring of this year Rome had been thronged with visitors, with many of whom Thorvaldsen was on most intimate terms. Amongst these latter Miss Mackenzie takes a prominent place.

This lady was no longer young, neither was she possessed of personal attractions; but, on the other hand, she was endowed with a mind more than ordinarily cultivated. A lover of art in general, it was to sculpture she more especially devoted her attention.

One day in company with Miss Mackenzie and others, Thorvaldsen took an excursion to Tivoli, where he caught a severe cold. A violent attack of fever ensued, insomuch that his life was for some time in imminent danger.

During this illness Miss Mackenzie and her aunt were constant in their attentions; and it was from this period that the commencement of that more intimate connection that existed for a short time between them may be dated.

On his return to convalescence it was proposed that they should undertake a tour to Naples, an arrangement to which Thorvaldsen gladly acceded.

During the whole of this journey, Thorvaldsen is said to have appeared quite an altered person, and to have been in unusually high spirits.

His manner towards Miss Mackenzie was that of a youthful lover, and such little pains did he take to conceal his feelings that the relationship between them attracted general notice.

Indeed the news quickly reached Rome, for in a letter from Baron Schubart, dated Rome, September, the writer says:—

"All Rome is full of the news that you

are going to marry Miss Mackenzie, and I must believe it too, as you allowed yourself to be persuaded to accompany her to Naples.

* * * * *

"Miss Mackenzie is possessed of rare qualities. All the English here esteem her highly.

"I am convinced that she would willingly adopt the little Elise. I never advise in matrimonial affairs, but Miss Mackenzie is so uncommon a person that you both can and ought to render her happy. She is so attached to you that she will die of grief if her hopes are blighted." . . . .

In October Thorvaldsen returned to Rome in company with his friends. How Signora Anna Maria was affected by the tidings of her lover's engagement is known only from a report that the exasperated lady is said to have threatened to kill him, her child, and finally herself, if he dared to marry *that* Englishwoman. But all Rome looked on his engagement with Miss Mackenzie as a cer-

tainty, although his engagement had not been formally announced. Congratulations poured in upon him from all quarters: while from letters he received from members of the lady's family in Scotland, it was evident that they at least had made up their minds that it was a settled matter.

But since his return to Rome matters had entirely changed.

Thorvaldsen was no longer now the youthful and ardent lover he had been on his journey to Naples. He did not devote all his time and attention to her as heretofore, and in short seemed to have grown rather tired of her.

Previously it had been on her side that reserve and coldness had been evinced; but it was now remarked that it was exactly the reverse. She in fact became impassioned, whilst he grew daily more stiff and formal in manner.

That Miss Mackenzie's strict notions of etiquette did not harmonize with Thorvald-

sen's simple ideas was a fact patent to all his friends; and when it was observed that he became gradually cold and distant in his manner, it was the general opinion of his friends that "the transport was gone."

But the real fact of the matter was, that there was a rival to Miss Mackenzie, in the person of a beautiful and lively lady, who had just arrived in Rome.

She was travelling with a family whose acquaintance he had previously made, and at whose house he now became a constant visitor. This lady, who was no longer young, is described as "a setting sun in autumn, but with all the enchantment the evening sun possesses."

From her letters it appears that she was passionately in love with Thorvaldsen. By the dazzling splendour of her beauty she succeeded in drawing him quite away from his usual manner of living. For a time he became a satellite to this bright particular star; laying aside all regard to appearances,

and only caring to bask in her presence, whilst his good-genius hid her face and wept.

It was impossible that this connection could long remain a secret from Miss Mackenzie, and indeed Thorvaldsen seems to have been at no pains to conceal it from her. For the fair rival lived exactly opposite to her, and here Thorvaldsen daily visited her.

Even those of his friends who had not approved of his projected union with Miss Mackenzie could not but feel grieved at the equivocal course he was pursuing.

But the matter was finally brought to an issue by an English lady of quality, who interposed, and on her countrywoman's behalf demanded an explanation from Thorvaldsen. The result was, that Miss Mackenzie left Rome in May, accompanied by a young friend, for her aunt had already gone to Florence. On her arrival there she wrote letters to him, which must of course be considered sacred, in which she seriously and with womanly dignity remonstrated with him on the conduct he had

pursued, while at the same time she freely forgave him the sin he had committed against her.

Her rival did not, however, enjoy her triumph for long; for Thorvaldsen awoke from his dream, and only thought now of getting away from Rome.

Before finally dismissing this unworthy topic it will be as well to speak of Miss Mackenzie's future destiny.

From the touching letters she wrote to him we only venture to transcribe her last farewell:—"If you enjoy that good which I wish you, you will be happier than I could have made you in our happiest days. Farewell!"

It is said that she remained in Switzerland for many years, because she did not like to return to her country, where her engagement with the celebrated Dane had been publicly announced in the papers.

It was in 1826—after the lapse of several years—that Thorvaldsen was present one evening at a *soirée*, and conversing with some

ladies. All at once he became dumb, and turned deadly pale. His eyes were riveted on a form which had just entered the *salon*: it was Miss Mackenzie! The next moment she had vanished from the room.

She revisited Rome at a later period (in 1837–38), when a complete reconciliation took place between them. She died in that city two years after Thorvaldsen had finally set out for Denmark, and was buried in the Protestant burying-ground at Monte Testaccio. On her grave may be seen this inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory
of
FRANCES CATHERINE MACKENZIE,
of Seaforth,
who departed this life in Rome,
24th February, 1840.

Whilst Thorvaldsen had been thus engaged, his pupil Bienaimé was busy working under his directions at a model of a lion

for the celebrated monument for Switzerland.

It had been originally intended that it should be executed in cast iron. This plan was, however, relinquished, and bronze was proposed as a more suitable material; but on Thorvaldsen's suggestion it was finally hewn out of the solid rock at the entrance to the gardens of Colonel Pfyffer.

The Colonel had served as an officer in the Swiss Guards on the memorable 10th August, 1792, and had only by a lucky chance escaped the fate of his brothers in arms. He was now living near Lucerne, and was desirous of erecting a monument to the memory of his fallen comrades. The subject represents a wounded lion, which though dying is still watching over the shield of France.

Subsequently when the work was completed and unveiled to the public gaze, an incident occurred which in former ages would have been looked on as an auspicious omen. For scarcely was the figure uncovered than a

white dove was seen to hover over it, and after wheeling two or three times round finally to settle on its mane.

At length it was arranged that Thorvaldsen should leave Rome to pay his long-promised visit to his native land, and the day was appointed for his departure.

Before leaving, however, it was necessary for him to reply to a letter which he had just received from Mr. Hope. Sixteen years had elapsed since this gentleman had given the desponding, one might almost say disgraced, sculptor an order, which changed the whole current of his future life. In 1816 he had again visited Rome, and had found the statue very far from completion, but had contented himself with Thorvaldsen's promise to set to work at it at once. Three years had again passed away, and he had received no tidings of it.

"J'apprends maintenant," he writes, "que ma statue de 'Jason' n'est pas plus avancée qu'alors, et que cependant d'autres ouvrages

ont encore été entrepris depuis et avancent; et voyant que les absens ont tort et qu'il n'y a que ceux qui sont sur les lieux qui peuvent espérer qu'on leur fasse justice, j'ai résolu de mettre l'affaire entièrement entre les mains de mes bons amis de la maison Torlonia et C^ie^."

On the back of a piece of paper on which Thorvaldsen sketched out his reply to this sharp reminder appears one word in his own handwriting. It was but one word, apparently written at a moment while buried in deep thought, but the interpretation of it cannot be expressed in its fulness. It was the name

"MACKENZIE."

CHAPTER III.

Leaves for Copenhagen—Frue Kirke—Returns for Rome —Emperor of Russia—Figure of "Christ"—"John the Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness"—Relations with Canova—A Dangerous Accident—The "Kneeling Angel"—Monument of Pius VII.—"Ages of Love"—Intrigues of the Roman Clergy—Elected President of S. Lucca—Christmas Eve—Anselmo Ronghetti—Statue of Poniatowski—"Victory of Love over the Elements" —"Tobias"—"Jason" completed—"Christ and the Apostles"—Robbery of Jewels—Statue of Lord Byron —Makes his Will—Sir W. Scott—Thorvaldsen's Daughter—Horace Vernet—Returns to Copenhagen —His Reception.

And yet though everything was arranged for his departure, so that it was looked upon as a matter of certainty, Thorvaldsen changed his mind at the eleventh hour, and determined upon remaining in Rome.

Several months previously he had equipped himself with a travelling carriage, the one

which had conveyed his friend Oehlenschläger to Rome, and had had it fitted up with secret drawers and cases, for the reception of the valuables he intended taking with him. His friend Lund, too, had promised to accompany him, and he had arranged with Freund and Tenerani, that they should superintend his studio during his absence.

His passport had, moreover, been duly *visé* when, to the astonishment of every one, and without assigning any reason, he avowed his intention of postponing his journey.

It was useless for his friends to remonstrate; their arguments only rendered him the more obstinate; and there is but little question that, had it not been for Count Rantzau's remonstrances, Copenhagen would not have seen him, this year at least.

Finally, after a great deal of vacillation, he started on his homeward journey; but instead of proceeding by Munich, Vienna, and Warsaw, as had been arranged, he determined on taking Switzerland *en route;* probably, from a wish

to see the "Lion," the model of which had already been sent off.

From Lucerne, the travellers proceeded to Stuttgard, as Thorvaldsen wished to visit the sculptor Dannecker, in that city.

At the last station before reaching Stuttgard rather an amusing incident occurred. Whilst they were changing horses, a young man approached the carriage, and asked the driver whether he could not give him a lift to town. The driver, of course, said he could not; but Thorvaldsen, who had overheard the conversation, politely offered him a seat inside. On the road, the young stranger remarked that he was a sculptor, and one of Dannecker's pupils; and that having casually read in a paper that the famous Thorvaldsen was to pass through Stuttgard, he was hurrying back in order to see him.

"You can see him now," interrupted Lund; "he is sitting opposite you."

The surprise and delight of the young artist may be readily imagined.

After remaining some time in Stuttgard, Thorvaldsen reached Slesvig, September 20. At this place he paid a visit to the Cathedral to see Bruggemann's celebrated altar-piece, "The Passion of Christ," carved in wood. He admired it greatly, remarking, with characteristic *naïveté*, "and my opinion is worth something, for I have been a carver in wood myself."

Finally, on Sunday, October 3, he reached Copenhagen, after an absence of twenty-three years.

The first familiar face he recognized was the old porter's at the Charlottenburg.

"Bentzen!" he cried out, and in the strong emotion of his feelings, threw himself on the old man's neck, and kissed him.

The news that "Thorvaldsen had really come at last," soon spread over the town, and all his friends flocked to welcome him home. But alas! few of the familiar acquaintances of early days were surviving; Death had been busy during his absence.

Amongst those who had known him intimately in former days was Justitsraad Haste, who thus speaks of their interview :—

"Since I followed him down to the Custom House, in 1796, I have known but little of him, except what all Europe knows. I saw him for four consecutive days in 1819; and found him changed, though still the same. When we were alone together—for there was as much court paid him as if he were a foreign prince—he went to his desk, and taking out his album, turned to a leaf, where some twenty-four or twenty-five years ago, I had written some verses, while he warmly pressed my hand. Thereupon, he returned to his desk, and came back with a medal. 'See! brother,' he said; 'some friends in Rome, who made too much of me, had this medal struck. I have brought four of them with me, and will give you one. It is only in bronze. I have got one in gold, but I will not give you that, for fear the metal should cause you to forget the man.'"

Thorvaldsen was naturally of a retiring

nature, and soon became wearied of being the central point of attraction, and heartily tired of the succession of festivals and banquets which he was obliged to attend during the first few weeks after his arrival.

Gladly therefore did he set to work in the beginning of 1820, at one or other of the numerous compositions that were so anxiously looked for at his hand.

To see him actually at work was the universal desire of those whose first wish of merely seeing him had been gratified.

One day a lady visited his studio, and on seeing him busy at a model, and handling the moist clay, exclaimed, "Of course, Herr Professor does not do that sort of work when he is in Rome!" "Why, my dear madam," he replied archly, "it is the most important of all."

Thorvaldsen had lost no time after his arrival in presenting himself at Court, where His Majesty Frederick VI. gave him a most gracious reception.

It had been an often expressed wish of his royal patron and friend, Prince Christian Frederick, that he should execute the busts of the royal family. The first work, therefore, that he undertook after his return to his native city was to model busts of the King, Queen Maria, the two royal princesses, and of the young Prince Frederick Carl Christian.

The negotiations with the commissioners for the palace and Frue Kirke had not as yet tended to any definite results. Thorvaldsen, however, determined upon modelling a pair of bas-reliefs for the latter edifice. He chose as subjects, "The Baptism of Jesus" and the "Institution of the Holy Supper."

All who were able to procure admission to his studio flocked to see these new works. To the surprise of every one, and to the scandal of a few, it was perceived that the artist had in the second bas-relief deviated from the general representation of the Last Supper, and had depicted the Institution of the Sacrament as taking place after the holy assembly had

risen from the table, while the Founder was standing with the cup in his hand, surrounded by a group of kneeling disciples.

As there was no immediate prospect that they would be ordered in marble for the church, a number of influential individuals, deeming it a pity that they should not be duly honoured, subscribed amongst themselves a sum of 4000 dollars, which they placed at Thorvaldsen's disposal for this purpose.

In one of the families which Thorvaldsen was in the habit of visiting, a little boy of five years old had died, to the great grief of his parents. In order to give the poor disconsolate mother some comfort, her husband had resolved to have a portrait drawn from the features of their lost darling. On leaving the house for the purpose of fetching an artist, he chanced to meet Thorvaldsen, who, on learning the errand on which he was bound, volunteered to take a plaster bust, if a cast of the face were sent to him. But as some time elapsed without his ever referring to the

matter, the family began to think that he had forgotten all about his promise. Two days, however, before his departure from Copenhagen, he sent word for the father to come to him, and on his entering the studio, presented him with the promised bust.

During his stay in Copenhagen, his whole thoughts seem to have been engrossed in the decoration of the Frue Kirke. At a meeting held by the commissioners, Thorvaldsen offered to execute a cross in the place of the figure of Christ which he had executed for the Palace Chapel, and to transfer this latter to the Frue Kirke, where it should be set up in front of the marble altar. He also proposed to execute figures of the twelve apostles to occupy the twelve niches, provided that some other work should be entrusted to Freund, to whom this work had been assigned. As an introduction to Christianity, he further suggested a bas-relief of "John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness," whilst "two prophets and two sibyls," Christ's heralds in

spiritual and secular history, should occupy the niches of the peristyle. On either side of the altar "the Baptism of Christ" and "the Holy Supper" should appear.

These proposals, which were subsequently so greatly extended, gained the approval of the commissioners. But as they did not venture to accept it at once in its entirety, they preliminarily gave him an order for "the figure of Christ" in plaster.

But Thorvaldsen could by no means approve of this plan, and, therefore, did all in his power to get permission to execute the figure of Christ in marble, the more especially as he entertained a hope that he should ultimately be called on to execute the apostles in the same material.

Here then for awhile we must leave these negotiations, and accompany our artist on his return to Rome.

In Warsaw they had long been expecting his arrival, and as it was now August, but little hopes were entertained of seeing him in the Polish capital this year. But at length,

about the middle of September, he arrived in that city, and at once proceeded to the apartments which had so long been awaiting him.

The Emperor of Russia was at this time in Warsaw. On being presented to him, Thorvaldsen received such marked attention from His Imperial Majesty, that his friends suggested to him that he should request the honour of being allowed to model his bust. But there were difficulties in the way. For when Canova had made a similar request, he had been refused. To the astonishment of every one, however, His Majesty graciously gave his consent.

Thorvaldsen used often to speak of his interviews with the Emperor of All the Russias, and stated that he found him "plain and natural in manner like any other person."

The first time that the Emperor honoured him with a sitting, "he appeared in full uniform, and with a stiff cravat, which quite concealed his neck." Of course Thorvaldsen did not presume to offer any remonstrance,

but determined to do the best he could. But His Majesty, quickly perceiving that something was amiss, lost no time in inquiring into the cause; and on learning the real reason, proceeded to bare both his neck and chest with the greatest alacrity.

After His Majesty had sat for the last time, he sent Thorvaldsen a costly diamond ring, with the accompanying note :—

" Monsieur!

" Vous venez d'exécuter un ouvrage qui laissera de vous un long souvenir dans tous les Etats de l'Empereur.

" Ils vous sera, sans doute, agréable d'en garder un du séjour que vous venez d'y faire, et Sa Majesté me charge de vous transmettre une bague ornée de son chiffre, et qu'elle vous prie d'accepter de sa part.

" Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma parfaite considération.

" CAPODISTRIA.

" Varsovie,

" $\frac{2}{14}$ Octobre, 1820."

When the Emperor left on October 20, he sent for Thorvaldsen, and embraced him affectionately.

On leaving Warsaw, Thorvaldsen proceeded to Vienna, where he remained three weeks.

But one day, while in company with Prince Esterhazy, he received the disagreeable news that a portion of his studio in Rome had given way, whereby several of his works had received considerable damage. On learning these unpleasant tidings, he is said to have remarked, with philosophical composure, "Wenn nur menschliche Verworfenheit nicht im Spiele ist—mit den Elementen und den leblosen Stoffen lässt sicht nich Kämpfen!"

Fortunately the statue of Adonis had received no injury, owing to an accidental circumstance. It appears that the Crown Prince in Bavaria had that very morning announced his intention of visiting the studio in order to see the statue. It had therefore been removed from the place it had formerly occupied, and thus escaped injury. "The Shepherd Boy," "Cupid," "Ganymede," &c., were not

so fortunate, but received all of them greater or less injury.

It had been Thorvaldsen's intention to proceed to Munich, but he now determined to hasten his return to Rome, where he arrived towards the end of December, after a whole year's absence.

It will be remembered that shortly before Thorvaldsen's departure from Rome in 1819, he had received a letter from Mr. Hope, complaining of the non-fulfilment of his promise regarding "Jason." The statue was still as far from completion as ever, and as Mr. Hope had doubtless heard of the numerous orders he had brought back with him from Denmark and Warsaw, he sent him the following letter through his agents in Rome:—

"Monsieur le Chevalier!

"Nous voilà, Monsieur, à la fin de l'été, selon vos promesses je dois croire que la statue du 'Jason,' appartenant à Monsieur Hope, soit finie et prête à partir.

"D'après ce que vous me fites écrire à ce

Monsieur au commencement de la saison, vous devez bien sentir, combien je me trouve compromis à votre égard.

" Veuillez donc m'honorer d'une réponse, que je ne doute pas, qui sera telle, que je me dois expecter d'après la parole que vous, Monsieur, me donnâtes, afin que je puisse donner les ordres nécessaires pour en faire suivre l'expédition.

* * * * *

"TORLONIA."

From Warsaw, too, he received a sharp reminder with reference to the memorial statue of Poniatowski.

Pressed therefore on all sides, and engrossed with the idea of working only for his own country, he adopted the plan of making both Mr. Hope and Warsaw wait a good time longer yet.

Sacred subjects were comparatively an untried ground, and opinions were divided in Rome as to how far he would be able to maintain his reputation as a sculptor in handling them. Even his greatest admirers failed to find in

him that kindred spirit to Christianity which is deemed essential to the happy delineation of holy and sacred subjects. Still his mind was ever ready to receive impressions of the beautiful and the noble in whatever forms they offered themselves; and that which had before enabled him so happily to illustrate the grand poetry of the Homeric bard, now also inspired him in the simple but noble themes of gospel history.

That his relationship to Christianity was grounded more upon its ideal beauty than from any religious consciousness may be inferred, perhaps, from a remark which he made to one of his friends while conversing on the subject: "Neither do I believe in the gods of the Greeks, and yet for all that I can represent them."

At this date, June, 1821, Thorvaldsen had a great many pupils in his studio, from whom he carefully selected a few to whom he entrusted the preliminary business of modelling his sketches, after having first given them the requisite instructions. He would visit them

daily while they were at work, in order to give additional explanation, or make any requisite alteration.

In this manner each model was gradually executed, until it was ready to receive the finishing touches from the master's hand before before being cast in plaster.

But the figure of Christ was his own especial care! He had been occupied on it for a long time; and, after many abortive sketches, had advanced so far, that it was at length ready to be modelled. It had been his original intention to represent the Saviour in the act of blessing, with the right arm upraised. Subsequently this plan was relinquished, and he had made so many different attempts, all of which were in turn rejected, that he was beginning to despair of success.

But it happened that one afternoon, when he was on the point of going out to a party, Freund entered his room. Thorvaldsen was standing before the last sketch he had drawn, in which the Saviour was represented with both

arms upraised to heaven as if in prayer, and expressed his dissatisfaction with it to his visitor. Freund listened to him without interrupting him, and then questioned him as to his motive in thus representing Him.

A new light seemed suddenly to break in on Thorvaldsen; for he again approached the copy, and, with both hands, pressed the heavenward-turned arms downwards, so that the figure now assumed an inviting posture, as if in the act of saying, "Come unto Me," &c., and then cried out rapturously, "There! I have it now! it shall be so!" By January in the following year the model was completed.

Simultaneously with this he was occupied with the bas-relief of "John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness," a brief description of which may not be considered out of place. The Baptist is represented standing on a rocky eminence, preaching "the kingdom of heaven;" next to him, on his left, is a youth attentively listening; he holds his cloak on his left arm, and is waiting to be baptized. Imme-

diately behind him is seen a haughty Pharisee. A hunter, returning home with his booty, stops to listen to the preacher; he has a dog with him, which attracts the attention of three little children whom their mother has brought with her. Without turning her gaze away from the speaker, she keeps the smallest child, a high-spirited boy, close to her side, while the two elder ones approach the dog. On the right of the Baptist stands a young man in an attitude of earnest attention. One foot is firmly planted on the rock on which the prophet is standing, while his elbow resting on the knee supports his upraised face. Behind him is a group of a father with his son, while further in the background the mother is kneeling down, with her little daughter clinging to her arm.

In the autumn of 1822 Canova had closed his earthly career, so that Thorvaldsen now stood without a rival at the head of the sculptors of the day.

Though the relationship between these two

great men had always been of a friendly nature, still the following will serve to show the opinion Thorvaldsen entertained of his contemporary :—

"Canova," he remarked one day to a confidential friend, "was not straightforward with me. Whenever he had modelled any new work he would send for me to come and see it, to learn what I thought of it. If I remarked, for instance, that this or that fold in the drapery would look better if it were arranged rather differently, he would concur in my opinion and embrace me cordially, but he would never alter it after all. And when I in turn asked him to come and see any work of mine, he would make no other remark than that everything was excellent and exactly as it should be."

Canova's death was near being followed by Thorvaldsen's. On the Friday before Easter, after having dined as usual at Madame Buti's, his landlady's little son reminded him of his promise to lend him his pistols on the

following day, for it is the custom in Rome on that day for the people to fire off guns, &c.

The lad accordingly enticed Thorvaldsen into his bedroom, who took one of the pistols and tried it outside the window to see whether it were loaded. Meanwhile the boy, unnoticed by his friend, had got hold of the other pistol. Suddenly a loud report was heard, and the next moment Thorvaldsen lay bleeding on the floor.

The bullet had grazed the third and fourth fingers of the left hand, but, "having to pass through ten different substances of which Thorvaldsen's clothing consisted," its further progress was arrested by one of his ribs, causing only a slight abrasion of the skin. The bullet was found perfectly flattened between his flannel jacket and the shirt, and thus providentially no great harm was done.

Hitherto there had been no talk of a font for the Frue Kirke. Thorvaldsen never alluded to it, for it had been his intention, after the

other works had been completed, to present one to the Church at his own expense. It was, however, now high time that he should begin to think of a suitable design.

Accordingly he selected an angel crowned with spring flowers, bearing on its arms a large concha. But he does not seem to have been satisfied with this composition. For some of his Protestant friends pointed out to him that it bore too great a resemblance to the *piscinæ* in the Catholic churches; he therefore sold it to Lord Lucan, and executed another, in which the angel is represented kneeling, and bearing a large concha on the outstretched arms. This chaste and beautiful figure may now be seen in the centre of the chancel before the altar.

It was seldom that Thorvaldsen came in contact with the clergy of Rome. Living as he did a life of independent isolation, though always ready and willing to enter into any connection where his professional interests were concerned, it was only at chance meet-

ings in the *salons*, or in his capacity as Professor of the Academy of S. Lucca, that he ever met the chiefs of the Church.

One day, however, as he was occupied in his studio, he received a message from Cardinal Consalvi that he wished to speak with him. Thorvaldsen obeyed the summons with alacrity, and was received by his eminence with every mark of cordiality, who proceeded to express a wish that he should execute a design for a monument of Pope Pius VII. in St. Peter's Church. That he accepted the task without a moment's hesitation, notwithstanding his other numerous engagements, is only what might be expected of him. So far from even dreaming of the difficulties and vexatious annoyances this commission would probably give birth to, he even went so far as to declare "that it was the greatest honour that had ever been conferred on him;" and on his way home from his interview with the Cardinal, stopped all his friends whom he met to tell them, with

great glee, of "*this extraordinary* piece of good fortune."

In a preliminary sketch which was found among his papers, bearing the date of January 1824, His Holiness is represented sitting with a branch of a palm-tree in his hand, whilst two angels are holding a star crown over his head. But it had escaped his notice that these symbols betokened a saint, whereas Pius VII. had never been canonized.

He had therefore to execute another, in which the Pope is represented sitting in the papal chair in full dress, with his right arm raised to bless the people. His feet rest on a footstool, while the left one, on which is seen the sign of the Cross, is extended for the faithful to kiss.

Unfortunately for Thorvaldsen, Consalvi died at this time, and though the following remarks belong to a rather later date, they are given here in order the better to preserve the thread of the narrative. In memory of the deceased, the Duchess of Devonshire, and

the Hanoverian Minister, Baron V. Reden, set on foot a subscription for a medal of him to be struck. So warmly was the idea taken up, for Consalvi had been universally respected, that a very considerable surplus was left. Accordingly with this sum they repaired to Thorvaldsen, and requested him to execute a sarcophagus with Consalvi's bust, a work which he entered upon with such alacrity that the whole was completed and set up in the Pantheon by September of the same year.

But we must return to the earlier portion of the year. Instead of being able to devote his time exclusively to the great works he had undertaken, he found himself hampered, not only by his earlier commissions, but by fresh demands upon his time. Thus from Warsaw he was threatened with the arm of the law, because the model of Poniatowski's statue was not yet finished. For Denmark, too, everything was to be got in readiness, as a royal frigate was shortly expected at Leghorn

to convey his works home. The Crown Prince of Bavaria, and Count Sommariva, moreover, sent him urgent letters concerning their commissions; while the Duke of Bedford solicited his attention to the restoration of some antique statues which he had purchased for Woburn Abbey. And behind all these, Torlonia wrote again about the statue of "Jason."

Strange, that in the midst of all these perplexities, we find him devoting all his energies to the execution of a new bas-relief, the subject of which had long engrossed his thoughts, viz., "The Ages of Love," a copy of which, in marble, was purchased by Mr. Labouchere (Lord Taunton). But Thorvaldsen had a very simple way of getting rid of his epistolary annoyances, for whenever he received a letter, the contents of which proved disagreeable, he would lay it on one side, and take no further notice of it.

By March, 1825, the model of Pius VII. was completed, and at once became an object

of universal admiration. As long as his powerful patron, Consalvi, had been alive, Thorvaldsen had been entirely free from any annoyance on the part of the cardinals; but now their bigotry began to show itself, and the question as to the destination of the monument was answered by their eminences with cold looks and portentous shrugs. "It would be a scandal," they said, "that a heretic should execute a monument for the foremost church in Christendom, to the memory of that Church's head." And the wily cardinals, knowing well Thorvaldsen's proverbial want of punctuality, determined that if he did not fulfil his engagement to the exact time, they would "reject altogether this heretical production. They had plenty of orthodox sculptors: Fabris, *e.g.*, had distinguished himself by *greater* works than Thorvaldsen." *

Thorvaldsen, however, did not suffer himself to be troubled much by these remarks.

* Alluding probably to a colossal statue of Milo, by this artist.

"It is quite indifferent to me," he remarked to a friend, "what they do: the monument has been ordered from me, and I will complete it;" and then added, "I live like a man on a journey, and have never burdened myself with a house or establishment; for if I was hampered with such things, I could not act so freely as I do."

Since Canova's death, the presidency of the Academy of S. Lucca had been filled by Cammuccini, an historical painter; but his term of office had now expired, and, according to the rules of the Academy, he should be succeeded by a sculptor. "But who was to replace him if Thorvaldsen were passed by?" was the general question.

Thorvaldsen's enemies looked on it as a sheer impossibility that he should be elected; while his friends, on the other hand, warmly maintained that any other choice would be a prostitution of Art.

The difficulty was, however, solved for them in a most unexpected manner. In the Aca-

demy, the possibility of Thorvaldsen's obtaining a majority of votes had been foreseen, and therefore it was determined to refer the matter to the Pope, in order to learn His Holiness's opinion.

"Is not Thorvaldsen considered to be the greatest sculptor in Rome?" asked Leo XII. It was impossible to deny it; but it was alleged, "that the President of S. Lucca had functions to perform, which closely concerned the Church." But to this objection the Pope was of opinion no weight should be attached, remarking, "When any such ceremonies are to take place, Thorvaldsen need only *announce himself as indisposed.*"

It was easy therefore to foresee the result of the election. Thorvaldsen was nominated, by a large majority of votes, to undertake the Presidency for the ensuing three years, to the great delight of his friends and admirers.

Christmas time was now approaching, and according to his usual custom, Thorvaldsen

entertained all the Danes in Rome on Christmas eve. The following extract, taken from the journal of one of his guests on that occasion, gives a lively picture of the way in which the festivities were conducted:—

"It is impossible to imagine a more charming host than Thorvaldsen. His mirth, wit, and attention to his guests are beyond compare: one cannot feel any restraint in the Great Man's presence; the freer and less constrained he sees his friends to be, the more prominently does his matchless individuality appear. I have never seen him more jovial than on this Christmas eve. The day before, he had given each of us our orders to buy wine, rum, lemons, &c. While K., S., and I were brewing the punch, he stood by us, every now and then tasting it and making some alteration in the ingredients, in the most humorous way imaginable. For want of fat geese (the Roman geese are more notorious for their cackling than for their flesh) two large turkeys were bought, whose fat sides he

himself felt. When we had all assembled on the night in question, he stood over the fire to make us our Christmas porridge himself; turning round to us every now and then, and reporting, in a comical way, as to the probability of its turning out well: now raising our expectations to the highest pitch, and again damping them. Meanwhile, he had made each of us a present of antique gems, for which we sat and played at 'Lottery.' Suddenly the door flew open, and in he marched, holding up the porridge bowl high above his head, and triumphantly set it down on the table. And then began a Christmas eve, the like of which I have never seen."

In March, 1826, the celebrated Improvisatrice, Rosa Taddei, arrived in Rome to inaugurate the opening of a Poetical Academy, and Thorvaldsen was invited to attend the ceremony. Among the numerous subjects which were drawn out of the urn was one on "The Progress of Sculpture," and as the Improvisatrice knew that the renowned Danish sculptor

was present, she purposely selected this one as her theme. But in the flood of her song, she carried her encomiums to such a pitch, that she even addressed him as "Un figlio di Dio." The audience thereupon evinced signs of displeasure, which no sooner did the lady perceive than she adroitly turned off into a new strain, completing her poem with the happy remark that, "If Denmark had given him birth, it was Italy that had given him art."

Amongst Thorvaldsen's casual acquaintances, the name of Anselmo Ronghetti must not be omitted. He was a celebrated shoemaker of Milan; and Thorvaldsen seems first to have made his acquaintance in that city, for he was always ready to admire talent under whatever form it displayed itself. According to him the word "Kunstner" (artist) was derived from the verb "kunne" (to be able); and of what this shoemaker could do he always spoke with the greatest enthusiasm. Among the anecdotes he used to tell about

him, the following one will give some idea of the shoemaker's character:—

"A fine French gentleman, who happened to be travelling through Milan, found himself in want of a pair of boots, and boots, according to him, could only be properly made in Paris. For the nonce, however, he was obliged to put up with Anselmo Ronghetti's productions, who was universally allowed to be the best shoemaker in Milan. But the shoemaker's pride was sorely wounded at the complaints of the stranger, 'that he must make the best of circumstances.' Accordingly, he agreed to make one boot first, which could be returned if it did not fit. As a matter of course, the boot turned out a masterpiece, and after the Frenchman had tried it on, and found it to fit admirably, he ran overjoyed to the shop to give orders for the other boot to be made instantly. But Ronghetti met him with the proud answer, 'Monsieur can now have the other boot made in Paris.'"

Regularly twice a year Thorvaldsen used to

get a letter from him, accompanied by a present of some new work, or else an invention from his hand. On one occasion, after having seen one of his statues, Ronghetti wrote him a congratulatory note, and at the same time sent him a pair of boots, to which he had given the name of "Ronghettini;" and when Thorvaldsen wrote him a letter of thanks, Ronghetti had it framed and glazed, and put up in his shop. During their subsequent correspondence, Ronghetti never let any opportunity pass by of sending his friend either a pair of morning shoes, or hunting boots, and on one occasion, a pair of boots expressly "per le visite al nuovo pontefice." In return for all these marks of kindness, Thorvaldsen presented him with a bust of Byron, of whom Ronghetti was a great admirer.

Towards the end of the year, Thorvaldsen received an unexpected honour—*e. g.*, a visit from no less a personage than Pope Leo XII. It was on St. Luke's day, October 18, that His Holiness announced his intention of visiting

the artist's studio, for the purpose of inspecting his predecessor's monument—an announcement, by the way, which must have been doubly gratifying to Thorvaldsen, as it must have set at rest any doubts he may have entertained concerning the acceptance of his work. It is related of His Holiness that, on the visit in question, all the workmen threw themselves down on their knees to receive a blessing, as soon as he entered the studio, but that he turned aside, in order not to notice them, and began to examine the work which happened to be nearest to him. This chanced to be the bas-relief, "The Ages of Love," "which, though a profane subject, seemed to please him beyond measure."

Meanwhile, the Poniatowski statue was at length finished in model, a colossal figure of twenty feet high, after an entirely new design. It was no longer the hero sacrificing his life in the Elster, when everything was ingloriously lost; but the commanding general guiding his charger with the left hand, while,

with the right, he is waving his sword encouragingly.*

At the beginning of the year 1828, Thorvaldsen, as his usual custom was, offered up at the shrine of Art another effort of his genius. This time the subject was a bas-relief of "Cupid leading a crouching Lion," which further expanded itself into a series of bas-reliefs representing the "Victory of Love over the Elements." In the one just named, the lion, as king of beasts, represents his vic-

* It is as well here to recount the ultimate fate of this work, so often referred to. During the summer of 1828, it was sent to Dantzic, and was finally exposed to view in Warsaw, in 1830. But the disturbances that occurred in that city in 1830-31 had unfortunate consequences for this work of art. At first it was said the Russian Government determined that it should be melted; other accounts stated that it had been taken to pieces, packed in boxes, and sent to the fortress of Modliù; whilst others said that the Prince of Warsaw had had the statue set up at his country place, Homel, in the government of Mohilew; others again, that it had been destroyed. Whilst a more recent account averred that it had been converted into a figure of St. George, and that the model was still preserved in the Gerhard Garden in Leipsig

tory over earth. In the second, he is represented as seated on the back of Jupiter's eagle. In the third, he is riding on the back of a sportive dolphin, with Neptune's three-pronged fork in his victorious hand; while in the fourth and last, he is portrayed as bearing off the triple-headed Cerberus (the representative of fire) from the gates of hell.

The above-named series of bas-reliefs was three times executed in marble; one having been purchased by Mr. Labouchere (Lord Taunton); one by the Grand Duke Alexander Nicholajewisch; whilst the third is in the Thorvaldsen Museum.

In addition to these he executed several busts, amongst which may be named those of Lord Ellesmere and Sir G. Barlow, together with a bas-relief of Tobias. The subject of this famous work is taken from the 11th chapter of Tobias, and represents the old blind father leaning on his staff, and raising his bearded face, so that his little son may be the better able to anoint his eyes. The mo-

ther, who has just removed the bundle from her son's shoulders, stands full of fear and anxiety, in which the dog seems to participate.

But that which more than any of his other works stamps this year with importance, was the completion of "Jason." Conscious of his bad treatment of Mr. Hope, Thorvaldsen determined to send him, in addition, a bust of one of the members of his family which he had taken some time previously, together with a little bas-relief from an Anacreontic subject. At the same time, he wrote him the following apologetic note:—

"Il y a longtemps que j'aurais dû remplir mon devoir en finissant la statue de 'Jason,' que depuis plusieurs années vous m'aviez généreusement chargé de vous faire.

"Mais les temps fâcheux survenus les guerres, qui interrompirent le cours des communications, m'attirent la satisfaction de pouvoir vous témoigner toute l'étendue de ma reconnaissance et de mon empressement.

"En poussant mon travail, je commençais à m'apercevoir de quelques défauts dans la statue, dont je ne m'étais pas aperçu d'abord, mais qui se découvrirent peu-à-peu, à mesure que j'avançais dans mon ouvrage. Plusieurs fois je me mis à les corriger, et les bras me tombèrent toujours, désespérant de pouvoir en venir à bout. Il a bien fallu à la fin que je finisse cette statue, et je remplis mon devoir en vous l'envoyant.

"Je vous prie de vouloir bien par un effet de votre bonté, agréer aussi le peu d'objets que j'y joins—savoir, un portrait de votre famille, un bas-relief représentant le Génie fécondateur des inventions et de l'imagination avec l'huîle vitale des idées, et un autre petit bas-relief déduit d'un badinage d'Anacréon.

"Je serais trop heureux si vous daigniez agréer ces petits objets en mémoire de mon respect, de ma vénération, et de mes obligations infinies envers vous.

"Je sais que dans le monde il est usé de donner aux personnes riches, desquelles on

espère large récompense. Je vous prie de ne pas me regarder de ce nombre. Je suis assez riche, puisque je ne manque pas du nécessaire, mais ma plus grande richesse sera, que vous veuillez bien m'accorder et me prouver par les effets le doux sentiment, que vous agréez mes faibles dons, ce que j'estime être le plus beau titre de mérite qu'un homme puisse avoir. J'espère donc, que vous ne voudrez pas me frustrer de cet honneur, et que vous accepterez les témoignages de mon bon cœur et du respect, avec lequel je ne cesserai d'être tant que je vivrai.

" * * * * "

This letter remained unanswered till towards the close of the next year, when Thorvaldsen received the following :—

" Monsieur le Chevalier !

" J'eus la vive satisfaction de recevoir dans le courant de l'hiver dernier ma statue de 'Jason,' les bustes de quelques membres de ma famille et deux bas-reliefs, dont vous avez bien

voulu me faire présent. N'étant pas alors préparé à placer tout de suite le 'Jason' comme il convenait à une statue de cette importance, et que depuis longtemps, je dois l'avouer, j'avais cessé d'attendre, je laissais tous les marbres en caisse, sans les découvrir, jusqu'à ce que je crus pouvoir le faire en sureté, en les plaçant convenablement. Ce n'est que depuis peu de jours que j'ai pu y réussir, et que par conséquent j'ai tiré ma statue de la caisse. Je l'ai trouvé de la plus grande beauté et justifiant la haute attente que je m'en suis fait, et l'importance que j'ai si longtemps sentie de la posséder avant ma mort. Elle est bien digne de son auteur et de la réputation dont elle a depuis tant de temps joui en Europe.

" La buste de mon fils aîné, qui fut pour moi une entière surprise et des plus agréables, me charme autant par le mérite de l'exécution que par sa ressemblance, et les bas-reliefs sont au-delà de tous les éloges que ma faible voix pourrait leur donner. Je les regarde comme un témoignage bien honorable pour moi de

l'amitié du premier sculpteur de son temps, et les accepte à ce titre avec toute la reconnaissance je vous en dois. Mais j'ai une dette à payer pour les bustes, et sans me permettre le moins du monde d'évaluer des ouvrages, pour moi du plus haut prix, je prie par celle-ci la Maison Torlonia de vous payer la somme de deux cent livres sterling pour mon compte, que je vous prie de vouloir bien agréer pour les ouvrages.

"J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec les sentiments d'estime les plus distingués,

"Monsieur le Chevalier,

"Votre très reconnaissant et obligé serviteur,

"THOMAS HOPE.

"Londres, le 3 Août, 1829."

But we must return to 1828. In the spring of that year, a Danish vessel had been sent to Italy as above mentioned, to take home the works that had been ordered for the Frue Kirke. These consisted of the statue of Christ, and the twelve Apostles, in plaster models.

But when these last came to be unpacked, lo! they were found to be too large for the niches destined to receive them. That Thorvaldsen had purposely made them so, there is not the slightest doubt; for he had repeatedly expressed his aversion to works of art of such a nature being placed in niches. "Niches," he used to say, "were an invention of the architect for second-rate statues, which would not bear inspection on all sides." Thorvaldsen well knew that it would be useless to remonstrate with the architect, and therefore adopted the safer plan of making his statues larger than the preconcerted dimensions. The only thing to be done now was, as he had all along foreseen, to wall up the obnoxious receptacles; and this was accordingly done.

In the early part of 1829, King Louis of Bavaria paid a visit to Rome, in order to pass a little time among his friends, and to get rid of the oppressive cares of royalty. A letter from a Danish traveller to some of his friends

mentions that, "His Majesty, a few days after his arrival, went to dine with Thorvaldsen and others, at a well known *restaurant*, in Ripa Grande; and that after dinner, the mirth and merriment attained such a pitch, that all the guests stood on the table to drink a *pereat* for Don Miguel." As far as Thorvaldsen was concerned, there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the story.

Of Thorvaldsen's intimacy with the King, the following anecdotes will give an idea.

One or two days after the King's arrival in Rome, Thorvaldsen received a visit from him in his studio, on which occasion His Majesty fastened the Cross of Commander of the Bavarian Crown on his breast, with these words, "One pays honour to the soldier on the field of battle, but to the artist amid his works."

But of this scene Thorvaldsen has made no mention. He has, however, often related, how that, when he used to be standing near the window at work, in his studio, His Ma-

jesty would call to him from the street, and invite him to dine with him.

Just about this time, the Grand-Duchess Helena, wife of the Grand-Duke Michael, arrived in Rome, with great pomp and splendour. She occupied an hotel belonging to Torlonia, for which she paid the enormous sum of 25,000 scudi for two months. Each day, during her visit to Rome, terminated with a banquet; and when she left the city, "like a brilliant comet, she had a long train of equipages following her."

Thorvaldsen, as may be supposed, was soon drawn into the *nimbus* which surrounded her, and had the honour of executing Her Highness's bust in marble.

One day towards the spring, Thorvaldsen found on his return home, that a portion of his valuable collection of coins had been stolen. In the first ebullition of his anger, he is even said to have suspected those who were in the daily habit of visiting him. On closer inquiry, however, it was found that the

theft had been committed by a person who had been entrusted with the duty of arranging his books.

From information received, Thorvaldsen entertained hopes that the most important part of them might be recovered, and with his characteristic kind-heartedness, was willing to hush up the whole affair, as he could not bear "to make a fellow-creature unhappy."

But a few days afterwards, as he was standing at work by the open window, a packet was thrown in from the street, which, on being opened, was found to contain several of his lost gold pieces.

The suspected person disappeared from Rome. Thorvaldsen, however, could never efface the recollection of this occurrence from his mind, and it contributed in no little degree to weaken his confidence in his fellow-beings.

Thorvaldsen had never forgotten the visit he received from Lord Byron, when he had so hastily taken a model of his bust. And though his lordship's manner had proved not

a little distasteful, or even repulsive at the time, yet all these unpleasant recollections were effaced from his mind, and were succeeded by warm feelings of admiration, when he subsequently learnt that he had nobly devoted his life to the cause of Greek independence. Five years had elapsed since Byron had died at Missolonghi; and it was the wish of a certain portion of the English people to possess the poet's bones, and to raise a suitable monument to his memory. A committee was accordingly formed, of which Sir J. Hobhouse was the head. This gentleman wrote the following letter to Thorvaldsen, dated May 22, 1829:—

"Londres, ce 22 Mai, 1829.

"Monsieur!

"Comme Président du Comité des Souscripteurs pour le monument de Lord Byron, je prends la liberté de vous demander, si nous pouvons nous flatter de l'espérance d'avoir un ouvrage de votre façon.

"Vous avez bien connu Lord Byron, et le

buste, maintenant chez moi, ressemble parfaitement à la figure de ce grand poète.

" Le Comité a déterminé que le monument consistera d'une seule statue de la grandeur ordinaire, c'est à dire, de huit pieds environ, placée sur un piédestal assez simple dans l'église métropolitaine de Londres, ou dans l'Abbaye de Westminster. Nos fonds ne sont pas encore considérables, et ce que j'ose vous demander, c'est, si mille livres sterling (£1000) seront suffisantes pour la dépense d'un tel ouvrage.

" Je parle de la statue seule, car les frais de port, de la douane, du piédestal, &c., monteront à £500 d'avantage.

" Il y a peu de mois que j'étois à Rome, quand j'ai laissé ma carte de visite à votre porte, mais je n'ai pas eu le bonheur de vous voir. J'espère, Monsieur, que vous me ferez l'honneur d'une réponse à cette lettre, et je suis, avec la considération la plus parfaite,

" Votre serviteur très-humble,

" JOHN C. HOBHOUSE."

And another in November of the same year:—

" Londres, ce 24 Nov. 1829.

" M. le Chevalier!

" La première séance du Comité des Souscripteurs à la statue monumentale de Lord Byron a eu lieu le vendredi passé. Je leur ai lu votre lettre, et ils m'ont chargé de vous faire part de leurs sentimens très profonds de réconnaissance pour la sympathie généreuse et la rare libéralité, qui ont dicté votre offre de nous donner la statue et même d'y ajouter un bas-relief, pour les mille livres sterling— somme, à la vérité, pas proportionnée au travail proposé.

" Nous avons appris, avec un plaisir infini, votre intention de vous mettre au plus vite à un ouvrage digne, comme il sera, du plus grand poète et du premier sculpteur du siècle. Peut-être, Monsieur, quand vous en aurez déterminé le modèle, vous aurez la bonté, si cela n'est pas hors d'usage, de nous le communiquer, afin que nous puissions (démontrer) aux souscripteurs et au public, que nous avons

fait notre devoir. La statue sera placée ou dans l'Abbaye de Westminster, ou dans la grande Cathédrale de St. Paul, ou au Musée Britannique, ou à la Galerie Nationale.

" Vous verrez parmi les membres du Comité les noms les plus distingués de l'Angleterre. Mr. Louis Chiaveri en a la liste. Comme amis de leur patrie, du poète et des arts, ils vous seront à jamais redevables pour le noble dévouement avec lequel vous avez bien voulu vous prêter à leur digne projet.

" Je ne sais s'il pas sera nécessaire de vous avertir que le pied droit de Byron était un peu contrefait. Du reste ses proportions étaient belles et grandes, surtout la poitrine et les épaules, comme vous aurez, sans doute, remarqué.

" Son portrait, grâces à vos soins, est mieux connu, que tout autre au monde. J'en ai l'original de votre main. Les copistes y ont ajouté quelque chose, qui ne me plaît du tout. Je parle de la chevelure trop haute et bouclée qui lui donne un air de petit-maître et gâte la

simplicité de votre buste. Pardonnez, je vous prie, cette observation, et agréez, Monsieur, l'assurance de la haute considération avec laquelle je me soussigne,

" Votre serviteur très-humble,

" JOHN C. HOBHOUSE."

In accordance with the wishes of the committee, Byron was represented in a sitting posture. The history of this celebrated statue is so well known, that it is needless to refer to it, further than to say, that a senseless bigotry refused it admission into St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey, and that it was ultimately placed in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

In the course of the following year Thorvaldsen made his will, of which the following are among the most important provisions :—

" That he bequeathed all his collections of paintings, coins, books, &c. &c., to Denmark, to form a separate museum, which was to bear his name, and which was not to be added to,

nor to suffer any diminution." Judging from the writing of this document, it is tolerably clear that it had been written for a length of time before it had received any date or signature, a circumstance which goes far to confirm the impression currently reported, that he had for a long time hesitated in his mind whether he should bequeath his possessions to Munich or to Copenhagen.

The following extract from a letter from Conferentsraad Collin to Thorvaldsen, though of a later date, will show the spirit in which the King accepted this munificent bequest:—

"In consequence of a conversation I had with our beloved King about you and your works of art, I have laid before him some remarks in writing thereon.

"A few days afterwards I received a royal rescript, the contents of which I have great pleasure in announcing to you. His Majesty spoke with great warmth and earnestness about you, and expressed a hope that he might soon

see you again. When I alluded to the treasures we might expect from you, and the importance of having them collected in a fitting manner, he remarked, with evident affection towards the artist, 'All that is possible shall be done; and it shall be called "Musæum Thorvaldsenianum.'" The Academy has been requested to have your apartments in Charlottenburg got in readiness for you.

"Would to God, dear, good Statsraad Thorvaldsen, we had you here, well and sound, as you were when we first became acquainted!

* * * * *

"COLLIN."

"15 Febry. 1834."

We pass over a considerable portion of time, till the middle of 1831, a period marked by nothing of peculiar interest, when he made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. With this great and distinguished individual, Thorvaldsen was better able to sympathise, and was moreover more deeply impressed with his genius, than in the case of Byron.

Though Sir Walter Scott does not seem to have felt any especial interest in works of art, judging at least from the fact that he never once visited the Vatican during his stay in Rome, he was extremely anxious to make Thorvaldsen's acquaintance. The meeting between these two great personages must have been a strange one indeed! Though Sir W. Scott was acquainted with several languages, he could speak none but his own, while Thorvaldsen knew nothing of English. But there was one language common to both of them, and that was the language of the eye and heart. To have seen them pressing each other's hands, patting one another on the shoulder, nodding, smiling, while the only words that were heard on either side were "connaissance," "charmé," "plaisir," "heureux," "piacere," "happy," &c. &c., must have been diverting in the extreme.

The interview of course could not be of long duration. On separating, they warmly embraced, and followed each other with their

eyes as long as possible, "darting at each other glances of the warmest assurances of regard and esteem." Of the bust of Sir W. Scott which he executed, nothing has been learnt with certainty; but the model of it is in the Thorvaldsen Museum.

Thorvaldsen's daughter Elise had, with his consent, been betrothed to Lieutenant Colonel von Paulsen, a Dane, and the union was expected to take place shortly. But as her mother had never been married to Thorvaldsen, it was deemed a matter of importance that he should receive permission from home to formally adopt her, that she might be able to bear his name. The request was promptly granted. But there were other difficulties in the way which were not so easily surmounted. Thorvaldsen had been obliged to have his daughter educated as a Catholic, and it was, therefore, contrary to law that she should be married to a Protestant. It was thought that these difficulties might the more readily be surmounted by repairing to Vicenza, out of

the Papal dominions. Thither, accordingly, Thorvaldsen, accompanied by his daughter, repaired in the month of August. But they met with no better success; the same objections were made, and all his endeavours to obtain consent to the union proving fruitless, he left his daughter in a convent at Vicenza, while he himself repaired to Milan, where he remained till November.

Early in the following year, a Danish frigate arrived at Leghorn, for the express purpose of taking on board those of his works which were already finished, and which were destined for the Palace Church and the Frue Kirke, viz., the statue of "Christ," in marble, fourteen chests with terra-cottas, for the Fronton of Frue Kirke; the bas-reliefs of "The Baptism," and "The Supper," the "Baptismal Font," besides others—in all sixty-five chests.

Amongst the foreign artists who had visited Rome, and with whom Thorvaldsen had contracted an acquaintance, the name of Horace

Vernet stands prominently forward. They lived on the most intimate terms with each other, and seemed to vie in their mutual respect and admiration.

Thorvaldsen had executed his friend's bust in marble, and now that Vernet was called away from the directorship of the French Academy in Rome to greater undertakings in Africa, he, in return, painted Thorvaldsen's picture, and presented it to him as a parting gift.

This celebrated work is preserved in the Museum at Copenhagen, which thus contains under the same roof likenesses of these two great artists.

The beginning of February was appointed for Vernet's departure; but, before leaving, his friends determined to give him a farewell banquet. But as Lent had set in, the consent of the authorities had to be first obtained. Thorvaldsen was not only present at this banquet, but occupied the seat of honour on the right of his friend. "It was an additional pleasure to us Danes," writes an eye-witness,

"to see Thorvaldsen on the right of Vernet, who loves and esteems him. And strange! at whatever banquet he is present, and for whomsoever it is held, it always appears as if it were held in his honour.

"It was so in this instance. After Vernet's health had been drunk, and Thorvaldsen was in the act of placing the laurel crown on his head, the former arose, and with the words, 'La voila à sa place,' took it from his hands, placed it on Thorvaldsen's head, while, with characteristic French affectionateness, he threw himself on his neck and kissed him. I cannot describe to you the enthusiasm this spectacle produced. The old Palazzo Ruspoli shook under our bravoes and shouts, which seemed as if they would never cease."

But the entertainment was nearly having an unfortunate ending, for the same writer goes on to remark,—

"The day following the gendarmes came to arrest the *restaurateur* for having allowed his guests to eat 'grasso' the day before the 'Fes-

tival of the Purification.' The unfortunate man sought refuge in the French Academy; and the matter was only amicably arranged by the givers of the banquet paying a fine of 100 scudi on his behalf, for transgressing the ordinances of the fast, as the permission of the ecclesiastical authorities had not been sought for."

In the month of June a Danish frigate again put in at Leghorn to convey another cargo of Thorvaldsen's works home. Our artist, however, decided upon not accompanying them—if, indeed, he had ever intended doing so—when he learnt that the smallpox had broken out on board with great virulence.

In Copenhagen his arrival was anxiously looked for; the more so, as it was impossible to place matters concerning the Museum on a proper footing while he remained in Italy.

Indeed, there were not wanting those who began to entertain serious doubts as to whether he would ever return at all. In a letter from Collin, July, 1837, the writer remarks,—"Only one thing was wanting, or we should

have laid the foundation-stone of the Museum before the year was out, viz., *yourself;*" and concludes, jestingly, "should the cholera drive you into Germany, let me know without delay where you are to be found."

This jest was very nearly being verified in earnest. For, at the very time the letter came to hand, the cholera did break out in Rome. Already many had fallen victims to it, when the Academy of S. Lucca issued an invitation to the artists in Rome to assemble on Aug. 14 in the Church of St. Luke, and repair thence in solemn procession to an image of the Madonna in the Church del Gesu. Among the rest Thorvaldsen was also invited to attend; but, instead of obeying the summons, he sought to quit the place altogether, in company with one or two of his countrymen.

But the fugitives did not succeed in getting very far on their journey, for the small towns in the neighbourhood, dreading contagion, forbade all intercourse with the city, and at the very first place at which Thorvaldsen and his

friends arrived they were met with levelled muskets. There was nothing for it but to return as they had come, and to run the risk of contagion with the rest.

Surrounded by friends and countrymen, Thorvaldsen applied himself diligently to work, more by way of diverting his thoughts than from any other motive; and, as two physicians of his acquaintance joined the party, the utmost precautions were adopted. At length a violent thunderstorm broke over the city, after which the cholera disappeared.

The work on which Thorvaldsen had been engaged during this time was the statue of a dancing girl. One day a very pretty little child had been brought by her mother into Thorvaldsen's studio to sit as a model; but scarcely had he succeeded in placing her in the proper position than she complained of indisposition. Not doubting for an instant but that it was cholera, Thorvaldsen got her out of the house as quickly as possible, and continued and completed his model without

again admitting her, though it turned out that it was not the cholera after all.

One of the most celebrated of his productions at this time is undoubtedly "Apollo among the Shepherds," when the god, banished from Olympus, sojourns with Admetus. He is represented as surrounded by the shepherds, whom he entrances with his song. Pan is among the listeners, and, on hearing the sounds of Apollo's lyre, lays aside his reed pipe.

In a letter which Thorvaldsen wrote to his friend Collin, a wish had been expressed that another vessel should be despatched to Leghorn for the remainder of his works. To this request Prince Christian promptly acceded, and wrote to Thorvaldsen to advise him that a frigate would call as desired in the summer of 1838.

Our artist himself determined this time to accompany his works; but again a circumstance occurred which nearly put an end to his intentions.

He thought that another robbery had been

committed among his collections of medals, coins, &c.; though, fortunately, it turned out that his suspicions this time were groundless, as the missing packet had been only laid on one side during the bustle and confusion of packing. Overwhelmed, and almost heart-broken at the disaster, for since the former robbery he had become extremely distrustful, he penned a few hasty lines to Leghorn to announce the fact, adding, that for the present he should put off his journey. But as the missing articles were found the same afternoon the letter was not sent.

Finally, on July 13, 1838, he left the Italian coast, just forty-one years since he had travelled under the same flag, and had been handed over to the Danish Minister in Naples, when the captain of the vessel, it will be remembered, had sighed at the thought, "What will become of Thorvaldsen in Italy?"

"Thorvaldsen is coming in earnest this time," was the general saying in Copenhagen towards the beginning of August. But many

smiled compassionately at such enthusiastic remarks, and shrugged their shoulders incredulously if the speaker averred "that he had it on good authority."

But before long even the most sceptical were obliged to give credence to the report. Those who were more directly concerned in the matter than others regarded it, indeed, as the payment of a long-standing debt of honour, which they had despaired of ever being able to pay; or "as a bill which they had drawn on the dear Thorvaldsen, and which they had feared would not be met."

There was, however, no longer any room for doubt. Thorvaldsen was actually returning, was perhaps even now within a short distance of the Danish coast.

In order to receive the earliest possible tidings of his approach, the captain of the guard-ship in the Elsinore Roads was requested to communicate with Copenhagen the moment the vessel should appear in the offing; whilst a man was stationed on the top of the Nicholas

Tower ready to hoist a flag directly the frigate should be seen approaching.

But the flagstaff stood bare day after day, and only answered the anxious looks that were repeatedly being cast up at it by ever pointing silently towards the sky.

It had been determined that his return to his native city should be celebrated by festivities worthy of the occasion. Meetings were accordingly held by the different clubs and guilds for this purpose, but still the days went by, and "no Thorvaldsen!" At length, on September 15, a message was received from Elsinore that the frigate was in sight, and that it might be expected to arrive in Copenhagen some time the following morning.

On arriving in the Roads, the whole population of Elsinore and Helsingborg, on the Swedish coast, came out in boats, with music playing and banners flying, to welcome him back to the north.

A banquet was held the same evening on board a steamer in his honour, at which, of

course, Thorvaldsen was present, and it was not till a late hour of the night that he returned to the frigate.

Darkness had now come on, and the monotonous splashing of the waves, as they rippled against the vessel's sides, proved more in harmony with his feelings than the joyous song, or complimentary speech. Silently and thoughtfully he paced the deck, ever and anon casting a searching glance, as if wrapt in deep thought, into the dark depths below.

Neither did the northern sky fail to welcome Denmark's returning son; for, from the distant horizon, Thor shot forth his brilliant light, which the dark waters reflected.

This circumstance is the more worthy of notice, because a similar phenomenon had been remarked on his former visit in 1819. "When Thorvaldsen," writes Captain Zahrtmann, of the Danish guard-ship, "returned in the autumn of 1819, I was, with Professor Schumacher, taking astronomical observations. It did not, therefore, escape our notice that

for two or three consecutive evenings after his arrival, there was an *aurora borealis*, though not so vivid as I have seen them in Norway. It was so long since an *aurora borealis* had been seen in this country, that its appearance could not fail to engage our attention. The circumstance was accordingly noticed in the protocol of the Observatory; and Professor Schumacher remarked in jest, 'This must be in honour of Thorvaldsen!' I remembered these words when Thorvaldsen returned in 1838. At that time I was commanding the guard-ship in the Elsinore Roads, and, therefore, observed, the same evening that the frigate hove in sight, the most beautiful and vivid *aurora* I had ever witnessed."

And now Thorvaldsen was approaching Copenhagen, where all were on the alert to receive him. The excitement in the city was at the highest pitch, for the fog was so dense that the man on the look-out had not yet been able to discern the frigate, and it was feared that it might arrive without their knowing it.

The weather, however, at last cleared up; the flag was run up to the top of the pole, and with one accord the dense masses of the people hurried down towards the quay.

The frigate lay at anchor outside the "Three Crown Battery." As if to make up for the gloomy weather of the morning, the sun suddenly peered forth from behind the bank of fog, and a beautiful rainbow was seen to arch over immediately in front of the vessel. Naturally it was accepted as a happy omen by the enthusiastic spectators.

On landing, the people streamed around him, satisfied if they could only catch a glance of him; and from the remarks that might be heard bandied about it was easy to understand the impression the noble form of the old man made upon them.

A carriage was in waiting to convey him to his apartments in Charlottenburg, but no sooner had he taken his seat than the horses were taken out, and he was dragged in triumph by the thronging masses, amid

deafening shouts, to his destination; a method of transport, however, which was not quite according to Thorvaldsen's taste, who did not approve of "human beings converting themselves into horses."

On arriving at his apartments he was obliged to show himself on the balcony to the assembled multitude outside. "It was just like the Pope distributing his blessing," he afterwards remarked. The whole open space in front wore the appearance of a carpet of human faces, in the middle of which the equestrian statue and lampposts, richly decorated with clambering boys, stood out in bold relief.

Amongst the numerous congratulatory addresses that poured in upon him for the first few weeks after his arrival must be mentioned one from the Secretary of the Historical Society, Rhode Island, North America, the contents of which are of too interesting a nature to be passed over in silence.

"It would appear extraordinary," it goes

on to say, "that a local historical society in such an out-of-the-way place as Rhode Island should take into its number a man only known to it by his great renown, were there not an especial reason for so doing. The Royal Northern Antiquarian Society in Copenhagen has, as is known, used every endeavour to throw light on the early history of America. From their researches it has been satisfactorily shown that Rhode Island was visited in 1007 by an Icelandic expedition under Thorfinne Karlsefne, who settled for a winter near Mount Hope, where his wife Gudrid gave birth in the year following to a son, who was named Snome. From a genealogical chart of Snome's posterity it is apparent that Bertel Thorvaldsen descends in a direct line from him, who was thus the first native American of European origin."

It would be tedious and uninteresting were we to give a detailed account of the numerous banquets and festivals which were given in honour of the returned sculptor. Suffice it

to say that it proved a difficult matter for him to divide his time equitably amongst them, and that many a *salon* and banquet had to suffer disappointment only because it was a sheer impossibility for him to attend them all.

Of all the tributes of respect which were offered to him, that of the University afforded him the greatest pleasure. For they placed a considerable sum of money at his disposal, in order that he might carry out his projects with reference to the Frue Kirke. This it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader had been the great idea of his life, and certainly no banquet or festival could have proved half so flattering to him, or so entirely in accordance with the aspirations of his genius as this. "Thus," he was often heard to say, "thus should an artist be honoured."

The principal church then in the country was to contain his collected works in Christian art; and they were not to be represented in the perishable composition which had hitherto

been deemed sufficient, in order merely to set off the architecture of the building; sculpture was not to be degraded to the position of a handmaid.

It may be imagined how great the old man's joy was!

It was, therefore, his first care to get permission to transfer the statue of Christ which had been destined for the Palace Church to the Frue Kirke, and that the twelve Apostles which had been ordered in plaster for this latter edifice should be executed in marble.

Accordingly he offered to execute the twelve Apostles in marble, and four statues of the Prophets for 2000 rix-dollars a-piece; and, further, to execute a frieze representing the journey of Christ to Golgotha. But as the figures of the Apostles in marble, already sent home, had been intended for the Museum, it was proposed that the committee should pay a sum of 32,000 rix-dollars as compensation towards the erection of that building.

CHAPTER IV.

Thorvaldsen at Home—Retires to Nysö—"Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem"—"Progress from Pilate's House to Golgotha"—Site for a Museum—Manner of Passing the Day—Wilckens—Dining Out—Thorvaldsen and the Tailor—Simplicity of Character.

THE rooms occupied by Thorvaldsen in Charlottenburg looked out on the Botanical Garden. They had, as will be remembered, been lying ready for him since 1805, and had only once been occupied during that interval, viz., on the occasion of his former visit to Copenhagen in 1819–20. Convenient and spacious studios had recently been added, which he now decorated with the works he had brought with him from Rome.

But he had but little time at his disposal yet to see after such things; for scarcely was he dressed in the morning, which was not usually till a late hour, than visitors kept

pouring in, in constant succession, all of whom he received, strangers as well as friends, with at least apparent cordiality.

It was not his way to converse much. He would take his visitors round the apartments and point out to them his collection of paintings and curiosities. But as they were usually more anxious to see his own productions than anything else, he had frequently to pass the greatest part of the day *en déshabille*.

His correspondence, too, grew daily larger, that is to say, the passive part of it, and even this soon became so laborious a task that he had to make use of the services of the secretary of the Academy to peruse his letters for him.

As it was always his earnest desire to fulfil the wishes of his correspondents, it will not be a matter of surprise that he found his ready cash quickly dwindling away. He therefore found himself obliged to submit all petitions to a stricter inquiry, though he would often, unknown to his secretary and adviser, give

away considerable sums of money to any cases which appeared deserving.

Strange, then, that it should have been said that he was miserly and grasping!

A characteristic incident is recorded of him. A poor woman came to him on one occasion to beg for pecuniary assistance. The request was promptly granted, and she went away with a lightened heart. But as Thorvaldsen had remarked that she seemed more than ordinarily deserving, he sent for her again, and gave her a couple of dollars more.

But it was not only presents that his applicants demanded of him, but loans, and those often of no small amount; and, what was worst of all, recommendations, endorsements, &c. It required, therefore, constant care on the part of his secretary to see that he did not get himself involved, for he was often heard to say "that when a person required assistance by only asking for his signature, it was unkind to refuse such a modest request."

There were, moreover, innumerable families

who would request him to stand godfather for their children. Thorvaldsen seldom refused; but it frequently happened that he would forget all about his promise, a mistake he would subsequently repair by sending a present to his intended godchild.

Indeed, there were not wanting persons of both sexes who even speculated on his return to Italy, and who, in their eagerness to see "the sunny south," expressed their willingness to accompany him, implying, of course, *that they should live a year or two at his expense!*

It was wonderful, too, how people came pouring in from all parts of the country, or wrote to him, to inform him of their existence, perfectly assured that, even though it might be rather distantly, still they were related to the great sculptor.

It was in such a manner as that described above that the greatest part of each forenoon was passed; while the afternoons and evenings were occupied by dinners, *soirées*, &c.

Thorvaldsen soon became heartily tired of this way of spending his time, and longed to be at work once more.

Hitherto he had thought it would not be polite to work while receiving visitors, but when he had at last arranged his easel, procured a slate, and some moist clay, he found that they were far more delighted at seeing him actually at work than at anything else.

But it was not only public banquets and dinners that took up a great portion of his time, but also invitations to private parties. "I shall run aground here," he said one day when he found that his health would not stand such a constant round of gaieties.

Whit Sunday had been appointed for the consecration of the Frue Kirke. On that day all the statues stood on their appointed places, and the "Kneeling Angel" holding the baptismal font in front of the altar, which was this day used for the first time, on the occasion of the christening of Freund's daughter, Thor-

valdsen himself being present, and holding the infant in his arms.

In the summer of this year, Thorvaldsen accompanied his friend Baron Stampe, whose acquaintance he had made in Italy, to Nysö. A pavilion had been set up for him in the garden, to serve as a studio, where he might be able to devote himself to his favourite pursuit without fear of interruption. Here he executed Holberg's bust, and immediately afterwards, that of Oehlenschläger. But his thoughts were soon directed to more important works, viz., a frieze for the chief entrance of the Frue Kirke. The subject chosen was the "Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem," in size, 48 feet by 4 feet, and the "Progress from Pilate's House to Golgotha," in size, 72 feet by 6 feet.

Professor Andersen relates that he was on a visit to Nysö during the time Thorvaldsen was modelling a sketch for this latter piece. One morning, on entering the studio, he found Thorvaldsen occupied with the figure of Pilate,

and rather undecided as to what costume he should give the Roman governor. The Baroness was also present whilst the subject was under discussion.

"Tell me," said Thorvaldsen, "whether you think Pilate's dress in keeping?"

"You must not say anything," said the lady quickly, as she turned aside to Andersen, and then added aloud, "it is quite right, it is excellent!"

But Thorvaldsen was not satisfied, and repeated the question, upon which Andersen replied,

"As you ask me my opinion, I must confess it appears to me that you have made Pilate look more like an Egyptian than a Roman."

"And that is my opinion too," rejoined Thorvaldsen, as he instantly demolished the whole figure.

"Andersen!" the Baroness cried, reproachfully, "you are the cause of this, and through you Thorvaldsen has destroyed a work that would have been immortal."

"But I can soon make another immortal work," drily interposed Thorvaldsen, as he immediately set himself to work.

Whilst Thorvaldsen was thus busily occupied in Nysö, the people of Copenhagen were puzzling their brains as to where the new museum was to stand. Our artist met all such remarks with reserve and modesty. "I only require a place," he is reported to have said, "which is bomb and fire proof, and with a good light. I have not got *so* many things! The people must not raise their expectations too high!" The Marble Church, the Rosenborg Gardens, the Esplanade, and other localities, were in turn discussed, as capable of affording convenient sites, when the city was agreeably surprised by a voluntary offer on the part of His Majesty Frederick VI. of a site on Christiansborg.

The matter was immediately pushed forward with alacrity, and of all the plans sent in by various architects, that by Bindesböll was selected by the building committee, and re-

ceived the approval of Thorvaldsen himself. For the object was not to erect a costly building of architectural beauty, but one where the public might be able to view his works by the light of day. In vain, therefore, was it to look around among the capitals of Europe for a model, where external decoration and style had engrossed the builder's thoughts, while the internal arrangements had been totally overlooked.

Sculptures, to be seen properly, should be visited in the studio, in the light in which they had been executed. It was, therefore, the aim of the architect in question to "transfer the light of the studio into the Museum;" and in this respect he succeeded to Thorvaldsen's entire satisfaction; though many, who subsequently came to the museum, and who expected to see gorgeously decorated rooms, ornamented with Thorvaldsen's works, considered its style too simple for duly perpetuating the memory of the revered sculptor.

Thorvaldsen's usual way of passing his time at Nysö was as follows:—

He would rise early in the morning and set to work in the studio, not leaving off till it was near dinner time, when he would take a drive along the wooded beach. After the meal was over, he liked to lean back in an arm-chair and have a nap, whilst some of the young people played to him his favourite airs on the piano. Then he would get up and walk about the room; and if Andersen happened to be of the party, would go up to him and clap him on the shoulder, saying, "Come, are not we children to have our story to-night?" "The Top and Ball," and "The Ugly Duckling," were his especial favourites, and he was never tired of hearing Andersen repeat them.

When it began to get dusk, and lights were brought in, he would sit down to play his favourite game of "Lottery." Indeed, if anything occurred to prevent their playing, he would be a little out of temper. His friends,

therefore, always humoured him, though it must be confessed that Thorvaldsen was the only one of the whole party to whom the game did not prove extremely tiresome. When once seated at the card table, with his counters and copper skillings before him, he would throw his whole mind into the game. With him it was no mere pastime, but a downright passion; and although they always played for low stakes, he never could bear losing. His winnings he handed over to his confidential servant, Wilckens, who kept them for him in a large green purse. After his death, it was found to contain a number of copper pieces, the fruits of his winnings at Nysö.

Meanwhile, his apartments in Charlottenburg assumed every day a more comfortable appearance, owing principally to the numerous presents which the ladies of Copenhagen made him.

The number of his acquaintances was apparently endless. Every one who came to see

him was sure of a hearty reception, though by far the greater proportion of his visitors were known to him by sight only; so that he had frequently to ask their names and addresses when they invited him to their homes.

There was one old man, in particular, who came regularly every Sunday morning to pay him a visit. On one occasion, on his taking leave, Thorvaldsen asked Wilckens if he knew who he was, and, on being answered in the negative, remarked, "He is the bridge-keeper at Knippelsbro, and his name also is Thorvaldsen, and he thinks he is related to me." On Wilckens remarking that he probably stood in need of some assistance, Thorvaldsen interrupted him—"Oh no! he told me he did not want anything, and would have nothing; but he is so pleased at the idea that he is related to me! And I am sure, if that pleases him, by all means let him believe it."

Thorvaldsen's daily manner of living was extremely frugal. For breakfast he would have a cup of milk and a couple of biscuits

brought to him, and would eat nothing more till dinner time. He generally dined out, and Wilckens was entrusted with the invitation list. This was found to be a necessary arrangement, for it had repeatedly happened that Thorvaldsen would forget all about his engagement, and could not even remember the name of the family at whose house he was invited to dine; who, after waiting in vain for their distinguished guest, would at length be obliged to sit down to table without him.

One day, before this plan was adopted, he asked Wilckens, who was assisting him to dress, *where he was to dine that day?* "I do not know," was the answer; "I suppose where Herr Conferentsraad has arranged to dine!" "Yes, yes! but I do not know where that is!" "But where was Herr Conferentsraad invited?" rejoined Wilckens. "Indeed, I have not the smallest idea; you had better see to it for the future, Wilckens." "Yes! that will be the best plan," answered the servant; "if Herr Conferentsraad will show me

his invitations, I will make a list of them." "An excellent arrangement, good Wilckens," said his master, "so let it be."

But the next day, when Thorvaldsen again asked him where he was to dine, Wilckens had six invitations on the list.

"But I can't divide myself into six parts," naïvely remarked Thorvaldsen; "I will go to the first one."

Henceforth there was no longer any confusion. And the result was, that those who wished to secure his presence at their tables applied direct to Wilckens; and if any one came to Thorvaldsen with an invitation, he would say, "I really cannot make any promise, for I do not know whether I am engaged or not; but, please, talk to Wilckens about it."

A short time after Wilckens had been invested with this novel office, His Majesty Christian VIII. came one day with the Queen to Thorvaldsen's studio, to see a recently modelled statue of Christian IV. On taking

leave, His Majesty invited Thorvaldsen to dine with him the following Thursday. Wilckens happened to be standing near the door, and Thorvaldsen cast an inquiring glance at him, as much as to say, "Can I, Wilckens?" It was rather an awkward predicament for poor Wilckens; but on his master's putting the question to him aloud, he murmured in a low tone, intended to be heard by him alone, the word "Oersted."

"Yes! it is quite true," said Thorvaldsen, turning to the King—"Your Majesty really must excuse me; it is Oersted's birthday on Thursday, and I have promised to go to Roeskilde." And when His Majesty good-naturedly remarked, with a smile, "That is too bad!" Thorvaldsen rejoined, "But I assure your Majesty I have promised him, and he is to send his carriage for me."

Now that Wilckens was entrusted with all the invitations, it frequently happened that Thorvaldsen omitted to put his usual question, "Where am I to dine, Wilckens?" and

indeed it occurred more than once that, when he came to fetch him home in the evening, his master would ask him where he had been to dinner, and what was the name of his host; for he would not, naturally, like to let it appear to the family that he was ignorant even of their names.

One evening he had been to a large dinner at Privy Councillor Mösting's house, and on returning home at night with a friend, he asked, "Tell me, who is this Stemann?" "Stemann!" cried his companion, astonished. "Yes! where we have just been dining?" "But, Thorvaldsen, we have been dining at Mösting's!" "Indeed! now was it really Mösting's; why I thought his name was Stemann!"

In the matter of evening parties, Wilckens found it much easier work, for he could then *subdivide his illustrious master!* But still there were difficulties to be surmounted even here; for when the old man had to be taken from one party to another, he frequently forgot that the

faithful Wilckens was waiting for him at a preconcerted hour for that purpose. The consequence therefore was, that he often did not arrive at his second or third party, as the case might be, till just as the company were on the point of leaving; and if Wilckens complained of the mistake, his master would console him by saying, "Well! at all events, good Wilckens, we have kept our word!"

After remaining indoors for so many hours at work during the morning, it would undoubtedly have been extremely beneficial to his health, had he gone out to take brisk exercise in the open air; but this he was always loth to do, unless there were any special object in view. Accordingly, the invaluable Wilckens had recourse to a plan for getting him to leave the house, which was seldom known to fail. He had only to suggest a visit to the studio of some artist, and Thorvaldsen would readily assent to the proposal. And when once Wilckens had got him out, he would take him the most roundabout way possible, in

order, of course, to give him all the exercise he could.

Thorvaldsen was very fond on such excursions of pointing out old and familiar places to his attendant, and never omitted to tell him when he passed by the old house, "that his parents had lived there on the first-floor—that there was his workroom," &c.

Occasionally he would remain at home and sit on the sofa all day, out of spirits, and without any wish to do anything.

In such humours as these, Wilckens found it tax all his ingenuity to divert him, and, when other expedients failed, would send a message to one or other of his most intimate friends to come and have a chat with him.

One day, during Exhibition time, Wilckens had sought in vain to divert his mind, and finally, as a last resource, proposed that he should pay a visit to the Exhibition. But Thorvaldsen refused; "for when I go up there," he remarked; "the people only walk

about and stare at me, instead of looking at the pictures, which they have paid their money to see."

At such times he was often ill-tempered, and unjust, and ready to take offence at the most trivial things. Even his nearest friends did not escape his cutting remarks then: though it must be added, when the clouds which had gathered over him had dispersed, he would frankly acknowledge that he had been in the wrong, and do all in his power to make amends.

In his struggles with a world which he doubtless often considered to be worse than it really was, he had acquired a certain adroitness —in other words, a degree of cunning—which it amused him to have recourse to on particular occasions.

One instance will suffice.

He had a piece of furniture in his rooms provided with several secret drawers, where he kept the most valuable of his gold coins, &c., stored up. In the same apartment, there

was, moreover, a strong iron-chest, which he had had made to order.

The day it was brought home, Wilckens asked him whether he should not remove the coins from the bureau, and place them in the chest.

"By no means," answered Thorvaldsen, roguishly. "They do very well where they are; and how amusing it would be if a thief were to break in, and carry off the empty chest with him."

It has often been said of Thorvaldsen, that he was of a miserly disposition. He was undoubtedly extremely careful in small money matters, and the dread of imposition would often make him haggle over the payment of a few coppers; but where larger sums were concerned, he was extremely liberal.

He was very averse to spend anything in clothes, and would not willingly part with his money for this object; but he had been used for so many years to do without anything but what was absolutely necessary, that it had ever

been his pride to have as few requirements as possible.

One day, after he had bought a drawing from a young artist, and had paid him a higher sum for it than ordinary, Wilckens happened to remark to him that his shoes wanted mending, and that his stockings were even visible through a crack in the leather. "Oh! never mind!" replied his master; "just put a little blacking on it, and no one will see it." And if ever Wilckens happened to remonstrate with him in such cases, he would answer peevishly, "It is all the same—no one can interfere with me in this matter." If a button came off his clothes, he would carefully stoop down and pick it up wherever he might be, and bring it to Wilckens, and enjoin him to give it to his wife, to save buying others.

As may therefore be imagined, Wilckens had often many obstinate battles with him before he could induce him to order any new clothes.

It happened on one occasion that he had

ordered his tailor to turn two of his old coats. When they were brought home, Thorvaldsen complained that the charge was too high. But in the present instance, he had to deal with a strictly honest man, who had only demanded what was fairly his due. As usual, Thorvaldsen desired him to deduct something from the bill; but the tailor refused, adding, "that it was just as much trouble, and took quite as much time to turn an old coat, as to make a new one." Thereupon, Thorvaldsen lost his temper, and inquired in an angry tone, "whether he thought him such a fool as to pay for two old coats the same sum that two new ones would cost him." In vain did the poor man protest, and endeavour to explain. Thorvaldsen would not listen to a single word he said, so convinced did he feel that the tailor was trying to impose upon him, and at length told him as much. On this, the tailor feeling himself aggrieved, took him to task, and with respectful calmness represented to him, that, though a simple workman, his feelings of

honour were quite as keen as if he had been a distinguished artist, and with these words left the room.

Thorvaldsen lost no time in recounting the whole transaction to Wilckens, adding, "The man must be mad; for if I could have a new coat for just the same money I should give for an old one, I should of course have a new one, in preference to having the old one turned." "But the cloth! Herr Conferentsraad has taken no account of that!" replied Wilckens. "The cloth!" ejaculated Thorvaldsen, perplexed. And now, for the first time, a new light broke in upon him. "Yes! I have certainly treated the poor fellow very badly!" he added, after a few moments' reflection; and when Wilckens also gave it as his opinion that the tailor was a very honest man, remarked—"Yes! he must have been, indeed; for he turned so uncommonly angry when I spoke of cheating. I will go at once and beg his pardon." As it happened, he met the tailor in the street, and at once went up to him,

shook him by the hand, and said, "I beg your pardon; I quite misunderstood you; but Wilckens has explained it all to me." The tailor was readily appeased; and, to make up for his injustice, Thorvaldsen gave him an order for a far larger quantity of clothes than he otherwise would have done.

Thorvaldsen never forgot that he was a man living amongst men, though his childhood had been one of poverty, and his youth surrounded with difficulties.

As an artist he was, however, far more indulgent and moderate towards his fellow-men, than when as a citizen of the world he came in contact with them.

To rank and social distinctions he attached but little value, and regarded decorations and badges only as valuables with which to ornament his person "when amongst that sort of folk." He had of course an immense quantity of them, and used to keep them in a little drawer by themselves, and exhibit them to his lady visitors.

When going to court, or to any grand dinner, it was an important consideration with him what orders he should wear, lest by chance he might give offence to some one or other. Once in 1838, on the occasion of a court banquet, he had allowed himself to be persuaded to wear them all at once. But it turned out an impossibility to find room for them all; and when the greater number had been taken there were still sufficient left to excite the admiration of those who usually estimate the value of a person by the number of his decorations.

Though not what would be termed a "company man," he still knew how to conduct himself with an ease and even elegance of manner in the *salons* of the great that could not possibly give rise to any satirical remarks.

But to see him as he really was he ought to have been visited in a studio, where, dressed in a silk morning gown, with a black velvet *barrette* on his noble grey head, he would seek

to hide, by his lively conversation, the fact that he was only "*en pantalons;*" or when, all bashfulness laid aside, he would go round the room, dressed as he was, to show his paintings, &c., to his visitors.

When alone he generally sat with a pencil in his hand, and the back of a letter or an old envelope before him. But even when thus employed he was always pleased to hear a knock at the door; when, carefully hiding his sketch from view under a book, or whatever else might be on the table, he would enter into a lively conversation, and relate anecdotes innumerable to his visitor. But, if the visit had anything to do with an invitation, Wilckens had to be called in and consulted, and then to decide whether it was possible for his master to accept it or not.

In this manner the forenoon was usually passed till it was time for his servant to dress him, and to take him out to dinner.

Though never known to express any displeasure at the constant interruptions to which

he was exposed—for he used to get over a great deal of work early in the morning before any one called—still he found the daily invitations to dinner rather troublesome, principally because they interfered with his attending the theatre—his chief source of amusement.

After many futile attempts to be a little more master of his own time, he determined, as Wilckens was married and lived in the house, to dine at home as a rule, if his wife would only undertake to provide dinner for him. Of course everything was done on their part to meet his wishes.

To give an instance of the extreme simplicity of Thorvaldsen's character, it occurred to him one day that it must be giving Wilckens and his wife an immense deal of trouble to get dinner ready and to lay the table only for him, and he therefore requested him to ask his wife whether he could not for the future dine at their table, a request which demanded all Wilckens' diplomacy to evade.

On another occasion, when he made the same remark, Wilckens had an answer ready for him—"that he and his wife were used to dine earlier than Herr Conferentsraad."

But Thorvaldsen was not to be put off thus. "Oh! if that is all," he replied, "we can easily arrange matters by a little mutual accommodation. You can dine an hour later, and I an hour earlier than usual."

Wilckens, finding himself at last fairly driven into a corner, stammered out, "But what does Herr Conferentsraad think people will say when they hear that the Herre sits down to dinner with his servants?"

"There you are again with your 'people'!" answered Thorvaldsen, pettishly; "have I not often told you I don't care what people say? I am my own master, and can do as I please!" and then, having grunted and growled for a time, added, "you are every bit as good in your station as I am in mine."

CHAPTER V.

Visits Dresden—Munich—Reaches Rome—Leaves for Copenhagen—The English at Mannheim—Thorvaldsen's Museum—Ill Health—"Genius of Sculpture"—His Death—Funeral Oration—Interment in the Museum.

THORVALDSEN had long talked of paying Rome a final visit, where there were many of his works still remaining in an unfinished state.

He had a great objection to travelling alone; but, as his friends the Stampes proposed to accompany him, he no longer felt any hesitation in undertaking the journey. Accordingly, towards the summer of 1841 they set out.

At Berlin Thorvaldsen spent a week, where all classes, from the royal family downwards, vied with each other in showing him honour. Thence he repaired to Dresden, where the King of Saxony paid him marked attention.

During his stay in this city he was invited by His Majesty to honour a representation in the new theatre with his presence. One of the royal carriages was placed at his disposal to convey him from the hotel to the theatre, where a seat was assigned to him in the King's box. On entering the building the whole assembly rose *en masse*, and saluted him with deafening hurrahs; and after the piece was over, the favourite actress of the day conveyed to him, in a neatly expressed epilogue, the salutation of the Drama.

After visiting Frankfort and Stuttgard, he reached Munich towards the middle of July. Here a large banquet had been arranged in his honour, and after this a dramatic representation, the subject of which was a final solution of the *vexata quæstio*, "to which town Thorvaldsen properly belonged." "Guttenburg" advocated the claims of Mayence, "Schiller" those of Stuttgard, while "Maximilian on Horseback" asserted the rights of Munich. "Christian IV." appeared for Den-

mark; while America, Rome, and many other claimants supported their rights to the distinguished artist through their various representative works.

Jupiter sat enthroned in state, with Juno by his side; but when her majesty entered into the claims of the contending parties and mixed herself up in the strife, the king of the gods, waxing wroth at the interference of his consort, decided that Thorvaldsen belonged to the world at large.

Finally Thorvaldsen reached Rome in September.

For the first few months after his arrival he remained with his travelling companions; but removed to his own apartments in November, when he completed the models of the two remaining Apostles. When Christmas came, Thorvaldsen was enabled this time better than ever to observe it in true Northern fashion. The Christmas tree was laden with presents; and there was one especially for Thorvaldsen which afforded him infinite

pleasure: it was a sculptor's chisel, accompanied with an appropriate copy of verses.

Among the numerous toasts which were proposed around the "Christmas porridge," Thorvaldsen promised that with that chisel he would execute a bas-relief, in memory of all who were present that evening. This shortly appeared under the form of "The Shepherds worshipping the Infant Jesus in the Manger."

"Vulcan" was again executed in marble, and the group of "The Graces" repeated, after an entirely new design. So zealously did he work at this celebrated piece, that from early morning till late in the evening he could not be induced to move from the studio. "I cannot sleep," he remarked to one of his friends, who was inquiring after his health, "for the Graces: they disturb my night's rest." In two months the model was completed, and its execution in marble commenced. Perhaps none of his works afforded him so much satisfaction as this one. Un-

fortunately, when the model arrived in Copenhagen, it was found to have received some damage in the transport. Thorvaldsen was sitting alone in his room in Charlottenburg, when tidings of the accident were brought him. "Never," said Wilckens, "had he seen his master so affected; he cried like a child, and would not for a long while be comforted." The injury, however, it had sustained happily proved not to be so serious as had been anticipated.

In September of this year (1842), a royal Danish frigate arrived at Leghorn to convey his remaining works to Copenhagen. It was Thorvaldsen's determination to accompany them, "as he had no desire," he said, "to be dragged about Europe as a prodigy." But on arriving at Leghorn, he found, to his great disgust, that the frigate had sailed without him.

It seems that the Danish Consul at that port had written to him, "requesting him to come as soon as possible," but that Thor-

valdsen had quite forgotten to return any answer.

Nothing, however, could appease him, or convince him that it was entirely his own fault. The faithful Wilckens was not now by his side to explain. And when the Consul came on board the little steamer bound for Marseilles, and was desirous of showing his countryman some hospitality, Thorvaldsen not only angrily refused, but would not even inform the Consul of his plans. He thought that if the Consul knew them he would write to Denmark by the very next post, and tell them he had travelled overland. "They shan't know," he said to a countrywoman of his, Jomfru Wallich, who was also returning to Copenhagen, and was glad to travel under his escort; "if they have cheated me, I will cheat them in turn." It was, therefore, now his sole aim to reach Denmark before the frigate should arrive there.

At Marseilles, where they arrived October 5, a delay of five days occurred, as it was

necessary to await the arrival of the diligence which should convey them to Strasburg. From this latter place their journey was pursued by steamer down the Rhine.

There were several English on board for Mannheim, to whom, however, Thorvaldsen's presence was unknown. One of these, in course of conversation with Jomfru Wallich, stated, that he had just returned from Rome, where he had, amongst other things, purchased a cameo, with Thorvaldsen's "Kneeling Ganymede" on it. He lamented bitterly that he had been unable to see the original, which had already been sent off to Copenhagen.

All this time, Thorvaldsen was sitting by Jomfru Wallich's side, thoroughly enjoying his *incognito*. On her asking him whether he had seen Thorvaldsen in Rome, he replied, with a sigh, "Alas! no." "Well," was the answer, "you can see him now!" With an energy and enthusiasm which are not usually the characteristics of an Englishman, he sprang to his feet, and expressed to our artist,

in the best French he was capable of, his great joy at this unexpected *rencontre*.

On arriving at Mannheim, where the vessel was to remain some hours, Thorvaldsen, who had brooded over his desk which contained all his valuables, was extremely perplexed as to how he should get his things ashore amid all the bustle and confusion of landing. It was now that the young Englishman showed himself of great service, carrying with his own hands a great portion of his baggage, while Jomfru Wallich herself took care of the old man.

The news of his arrival soon spread, and no sooner had he set foot on land than he was met by a whole *posse comitatus* of the English residents, who conducted him with torches and flambeaux to the hotel, where a hastily arranged feast had been provided. At table all wished to sit near him; and, after an agreeable meal, the old man was kept busily employed in furnishing his entertainers with his autograph, spite of his evident need of repose.

Early the next morning he embarked again for Mayence. His companion's endeavours to procure him a separate cabin had proved fruitless; the report of his presence brought him innumerable visitors; and it was not till the captain had actually locked the door of his own cabin, which he placed at Thorvaldsen's service, and put the key in his pocket, and moreover placed a ship's lad to keep guard outside, that the old man was enabled to get any rest.

In Mayence, where he had numerous friends and acquaintances, he was happily smuggled through the town, for it was his earnest desire to continue his journey with as little loss of time as possible.

But in Frankfort he was not so fortunate. Here he got a barber to shave him, who was so enchanted at the honour of having so "grossmächtig" a chin under his razor, that he protracted the operation as long as possible.

Finally, on October 17, he arrived at Altona, where he remained a few days, and then

embarked in a steamer from Kiel, and reached Copenhagen on the 23rd.

At the Custom House his daughter Elise and grandchildren met him (for she had subsequently been united to Herr v. Paulsen), whilst his travelling companion modestly withdrew, sufficiently happy in the thought that she had been able to be of some service to the great sculptor.

The day after his arrival he proceeded to inspect the Museum, the roof of which was already completed.

It will be as well here to give a brief description of this building, which was not finally completed till the year 1846. It is built in the Egyptian style, and is 230 feet in length, 125 feet broad, and 46 feet high, and consists of two stories. In the centre of the building there is an open court, 116 feet long, and 50 feet broad. Here his remains are laid. In the front hall, corridors, and apartments the works of the great sculptor are arranged, while the story above is occupied by his collections. The

outer walls are decorated on both sides with Etruscan paintings in plaster, descriptive of his arrival at the Custom House, and the landing of his works. On the summit of the front and principal entrance stands the Chariot of Victory drawn by four horses, and executed in bronze from a model by Bissen. The front corridors and apartments are painted in the Pompeian style in brilliant colours, while the decorations are executed with great artistic skill.

During the winter of 1843, Thorvaldsen had been seriously unwell, insomuch that he was obliged to lie the greater part of the day upon the sofa. Much as he wished to execute something as usual to commemorate the New Year, he was unable to do so. "For if I cannot work on that day," he said, "it will go bad with me all the rest of the year." But towards the middle of January he was so far recovered that he was enabled to make a sketch of "The Genius of Peace."

On March 8, his Roman birthday, he felt

himself very unwell, and would not even admit his friends, who came to offer him their congratulations. The indisposition continued to gain ground, and the physician whom Wilckens called in wished to bleed him, but Thorvaldsen would not consent: "He was quite well," he said, "he would work."

His easel was accordingly brought to the window, and with a piece of chalk he drew a sketch on the slate for a new bas-relief, "The Genius of Sculpture."

In a former sketch he had represented his Genius as sitting at Jupiter's feet, but in this as seated on the very shoulder of the god. "The sculptor must go higher up," he said to Wilckens in jest, pointing to the drawing. This was the last of his works, and the black slate with its white chalk marks is preserved in the Museum as a most precious relic.

The next day he was so much better that he was able to go to the theatre in the evening. On Saturday the 23rd, his biographer, Herr Thiele, visited him. "Thorvaldsen was

unusually quiet and silent. Presently, after a long pause, he said, 'I wonder who will occupy my apartments when I am gone.' 'I sought to divert his thoughts from the subject,' writes Herr Thiele, 'and expressed a hope that we might yet keep him for some years to come.' 'Do not say that,' he suddenly interrupted me; 'it will soon be all over with me, before any one thinks of it; and I earnestly wish,' he added, folding his hands across his breast, 'that it may soon take place, before I become a burthen to myself and others.' He stood as if in prayer, and the emotion he felt shone forth from his clear blue eyes. In order to divert his thoughts, I asked him whether he had seen a profile of Luther, by David Hopfer, a contemporary of the Great Reformer. On his replying in the negative, I went to fetch it, but on my return found that he had gone out to see the Crown Prince. I never saw him alive again."

The next morning he complained to his

servant Wilckens that he had been unable to get any sleep, but after drinking his usual bowl of milk, felt himself somewhat revived, and employed himself in making some alterations on a bust of Luther. Later in the day an invitation to dinner at Baron Stampe's arrived, but he declined it, as he preferred to remain at home. But when the Baroness herself came to see him, he allowed himself to be over persuaded, and accompanied her home, where he dined in company with his friends Andersen and Oehlenschläger, and afterwards repaired to the theatre.

During dinner time he was unusually cheerful, told numerous anecdotes, and even spoke of taking another journey to Italy. On somebody's alluding to the Museum, he remarked, "Yes: now I can willingly die, for Bindesböll has got my grave ready."

On entering his box at the theatre he saluted his friends with his accustomed courtesy. The curtain was not yet raised when he took his seat. Suddenly he was observed to stoop

down, as if in the act of picking something up. A few moments after his lifeless body was carried out, and conveyed home. A vein was immediately opened, but not a drop of blood would flow: life was extinct. When his body was opened a few days after, it was found that the immediate cause of death was an organic disease of the heart. (Vid. p. 100.)

On Friday the 24th, 1843, a band of young artists might have been seen emerging from the Charlottenburg. On their arms rested the mortal remains of their beloved master, as they bore him to the great room of the Academy, whence the solemn funeral procession was to issue. There, surrounded by his immortal works, Thorvaldsen lay, beautiful in death, as in life. Night and day they watched by his bier. The following day was the one appointed for his interment. Through the whole city signs of the great and irretrievable loss that had befallen it were evident, from the prince down to the simplest mechanic. Each one seemed as if he mourned a near and

dear relation. By early morning all the streets and thoroughfares through which the *cortége* was to pass were crowded with spectators. And now the band of artists chanted their farewell hymn—

> "With heavy tears
> We carry Denmark's pride to the tomb!"—

and the coffin lid was closed down. On it was placed his chisel, encircled in a wreath of palms and evergreens; while at the head a garland of flowers was laid, woven for the purpose by the Queen, and by his side a wreath of oak leaves in silver.

Through the silent rows of the assembled multitude the coffin, supported by forty artists, slowly wended its way, and on its right walked his attached servant Wilckens. From the open windows, as the procession passed along, showers of beautiful flowers rained down upon it. On entering the church it was met by His Majesty the King, who, with his son, placed himself at its head,

and led the way through the nave and up to the choir.

When Thorvaldsen had visited the Museum immediately after his return from his last journey to Rome, it had not escaped his notice that the architect, in accordance with his wishes, had left a space for his grave in the centre of the open court. He did not allude to it at the time, though he stood for a long time in silence by its side, whilst he directed a thoughtful glance into its depths.

No artist, no monarch could rest more honourably, surrounded as he is by his imperishable works—befitting monuments to a transcendant genius!

The day following, March 31, was the anniversary of the foundation of the Academy, on which occasion Herr Thiele, as secretary to the institution, delivered an oration.

"It was," he said, "a festival of rejoicing we had thought to hold this day within these walls; but our garlands withered away.

"But fifty years ago, from the crowd of

young artists, a poor young man, of mean extraction, stepped forth: half a century passed by, and found him on the pinnacle of fame.

"What a festival then should we have held to-day when we wove Thorvaldsen's crown!

"But our garlands have faded; a deep sorrow penetrates the land, for 'The Angel of Life' has closed the book: his course is run. And then 'The Genius of Death' bowed her head and extinguished her torch; then 'Love' sang funeral dirges at the feet of 'The Graces,' and 'Night' enveloped herself in her sable mantle, when 'Day' lost her fairest flower.

"And now we assemble here, to celebrate a feast in deep and silent sorrow.

"We will speak of him: his greatness should fill our hearts. But can more be said to his honour than what thousands of hearts have felt, thousands of tongues expressed in songs of praise when they have gazed upon his works? Did not that day when we laid his body to rest testify that it were needless to

proclaim his greatness and his worth? Poets and orators—and, what is of greater value, the people—have yielded their homage to him, whose fulness renders words of ours superfluous. Yet shall not this society, which bore him like a mother in her breast, be silent.

"Here, where but a few days back we laid the noble silver-haired old man, here on this selfsame spot, fifty years ago, stood a flaxen-haired youth, with eyes of northern blue. Timid and modest, diffident of his powers, he executed a work which others praised, and for which he received the prize. Despondency followed with him when he left our shores, and often has he watered with his tears that classic ground, where the tree of his genius, once taken root, was destined to bear the fairest fruits.

"We know, from his own accounts, how he had to struggle there; and how we, at home, had well nigh given up all our expectations concerning him. Then was it wonderfully manifested that the hand of Providence was

over him, when at length, confident of his powers, he for the first time stretched his powerful pinions and commenced his lofty flight through the world. And who shall mark its culminating point?

"Was it when he interpreted the poetry of classic Greece in bas-relief? or when he triumphed with Alexander? or shall we find it in his 'Christ and Apostles'?

"In truth, half a century was long enough for him to produce hundreds of works, any one of which would suffice to establish an artist's fame!

"And how calm, how peaceful his course!

"Whilst in that half-century the whole world was shaken to its foundations by revolutions, whilst streams of blood deluged the soil, he moved in his course, amid the discord and the strife, undisturbed as one of the heavenly bodies; and his peaceful artist's life will be read on the page of history interlined with battles and wars.

"And when half a century had well nigh run

its course, the old man, laden with honours and distinction, yearned after his northern home; for other home had he none. Poor was he when he went forth from his country with his 'travelling stipendium;' now he would fain bring back the principal that had been entrusted to him with interest. And, oh! what an interest of so poor a sum. Never has Danish capital been so fruitful.

"That simple workshop in Rome had hitherto been reckoned one of Italy's ornaments; but soon shall his Museum in Copenhagen be ranked among the proudest gems of the North!

"Oh, sorrow of sorrows! that he lived not to see its completion; but that, like Moses from Pisgah's summit, he could only gaze on the promised but distant land. Here shall the offspring of his immortal genius be preserved; here, though lost to us, shall he ever live; here shall the genial clime of the sunny south melt the northern ice.

"But it is not his Fatherland alone that is

enriched by his gifts—Denmark, Europe, ay, all posterity, share in the splendour of his name; and the crash of that thunderbolt which has felled the proudest oak in our forests, shall long re-echo, when all is silent around us, through the horizon of the distant future. As when a stone is thrown into the water, and the eddying circles ever increase in diameter, so shall that blow which pierced the heart of Denmark be felt, not only on the farthermost shores of Europe, but on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

"Heaven be thanked for his life, be thanked too for his death! for God granted him that passage hence which he had so long prayed for."

Whilst the Museum was being completed, the coffin containing his mortal remains reposed in the Frue Kirke.

On September 6, 1848, the sun rose gloriously over the Danish plains. Light roseate

clouds hovered over the silent court of the Museum, and cast a shadow down upon the palms and roses and lilies that decked the sky-blue walls of his burying place. In the early quiet hours a carriage might be seen slowly wending its way to the entrance gate of the Museum. It contained the dust of that beloved old man, which was now to repose amongst the glorious monuments of his mighty genius. A little band of friends stood around the grave. A marble tablet bearing an inscription; the little wreath of silver oak leaves, and many a scalding tear followed the coffin as it was lowered down into its last resting place.

THE END.

London: Woodfall and Kinder, Printers, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

00020173

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 19 September, 2016